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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 27, 1960 / 25¢

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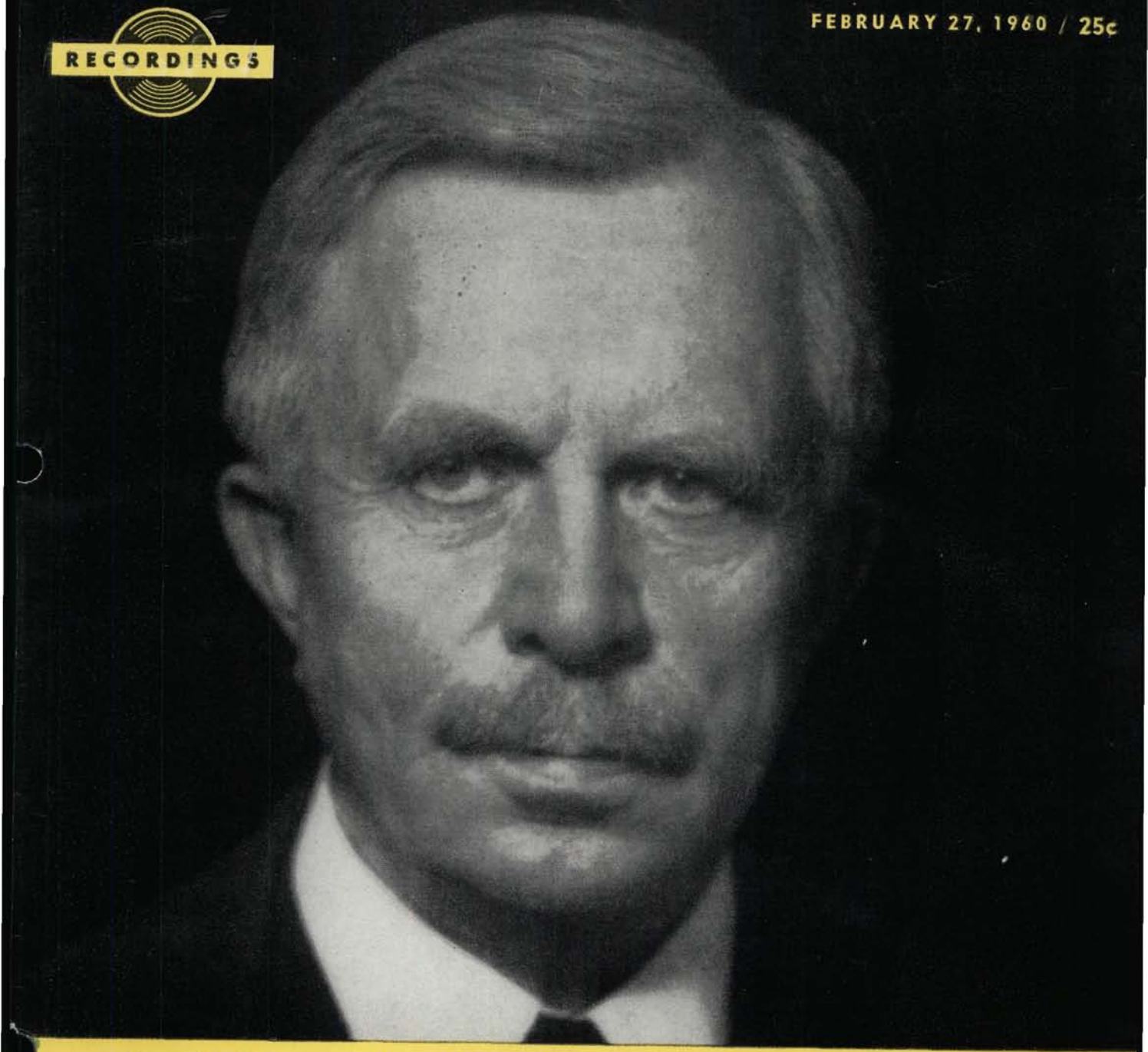

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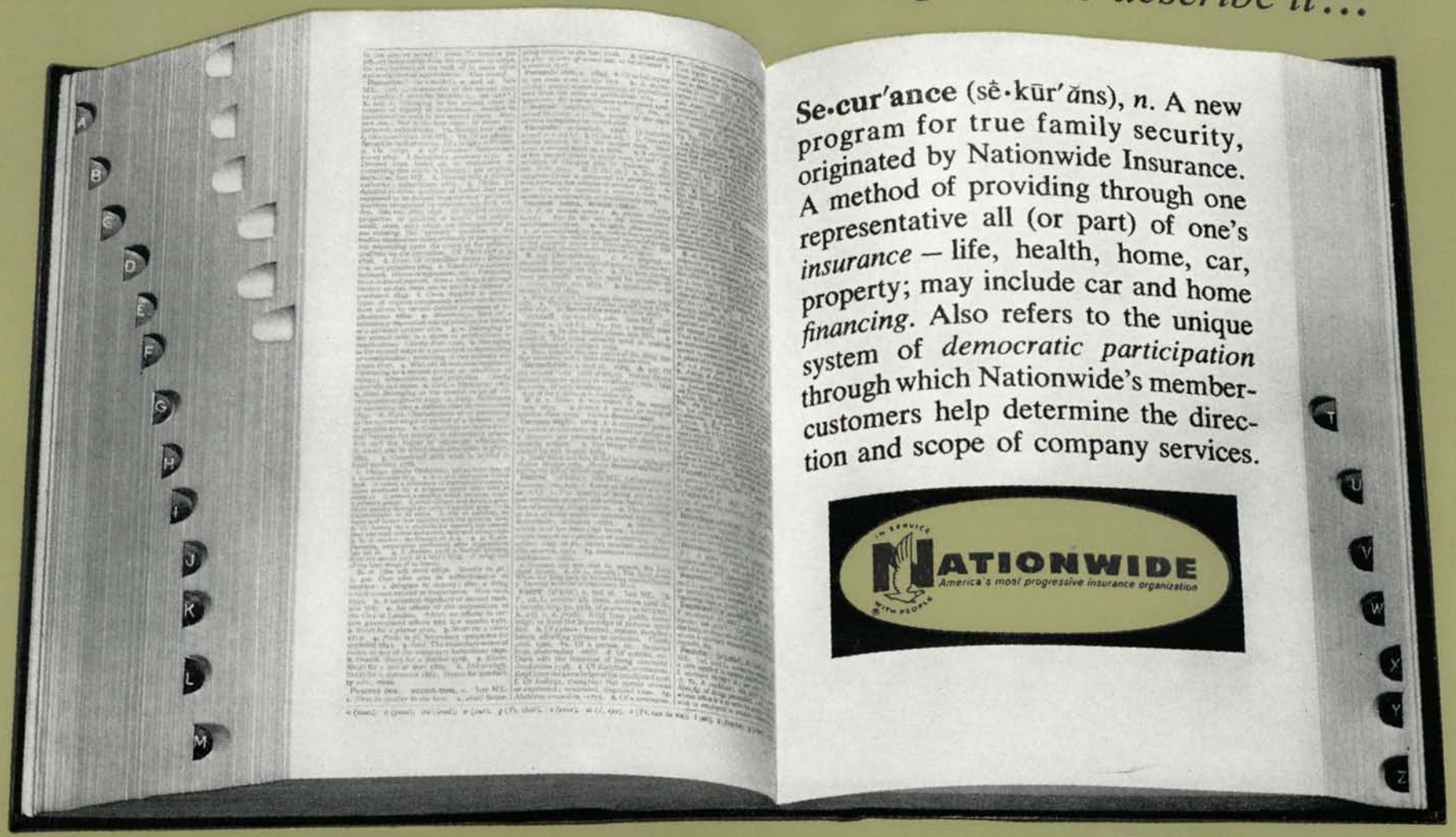

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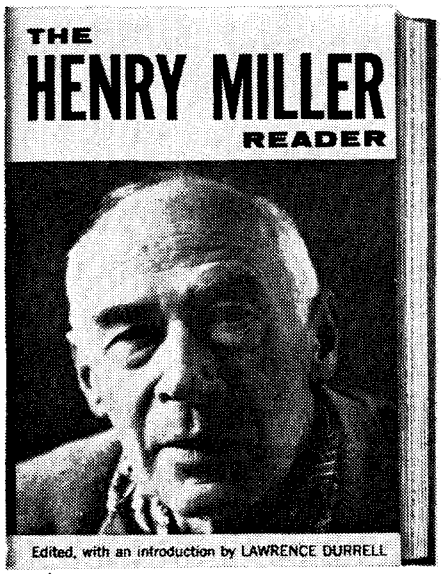

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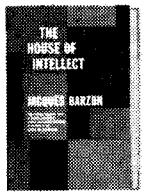

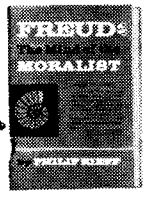

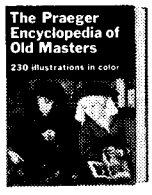

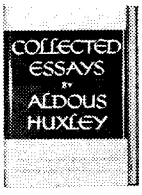

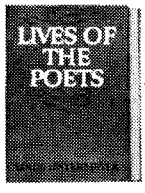

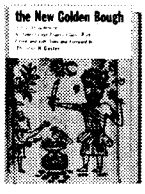

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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 27, 1960

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SR/IDEAS

12 T. S. Eliot: The Death of Literary Judgment, by Karl Shapiro

24 Science in Politics: A Guest Editorial, by C. Northcote Parkinson

41 Monologue on Chopin, by Artur Rubinstein

44 The Honor Roll of Recorded Chopin, by Jan Holcman

SR/BOOKS

18 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks considers Flannery O'Connor's new novel, "The Violent Bear It Away."

19 The Long Way to Freedom, by James T. Shotwell

20 For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism, by Nikita S. Khrushchev

21 The Enemy Within, by Robert F. Kennedy

22 A Quintet of New English Fiction

23 Ourselves to Know, by John O'Hara

29 The Lincoln Lords, by Cameron Hawley

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

26 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert spends two suspenseful evenings.

27 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes listens to the current theatre.

28 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears Birgit Nilsson.

30 Literary I.Q.

37 Literary Crypt

41 *SR* Recordings for March

67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1353

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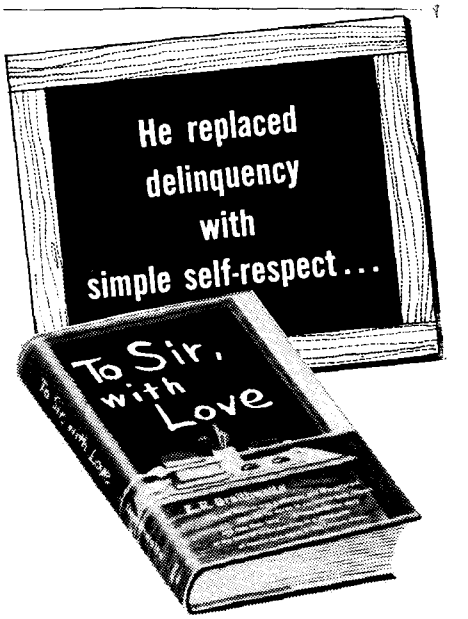

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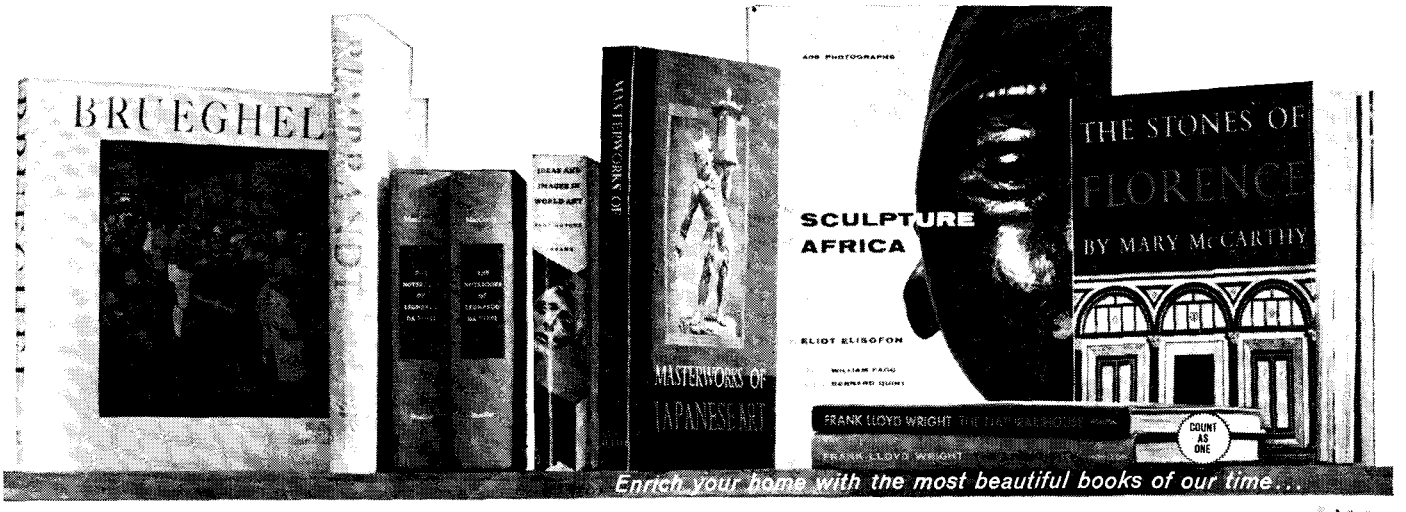

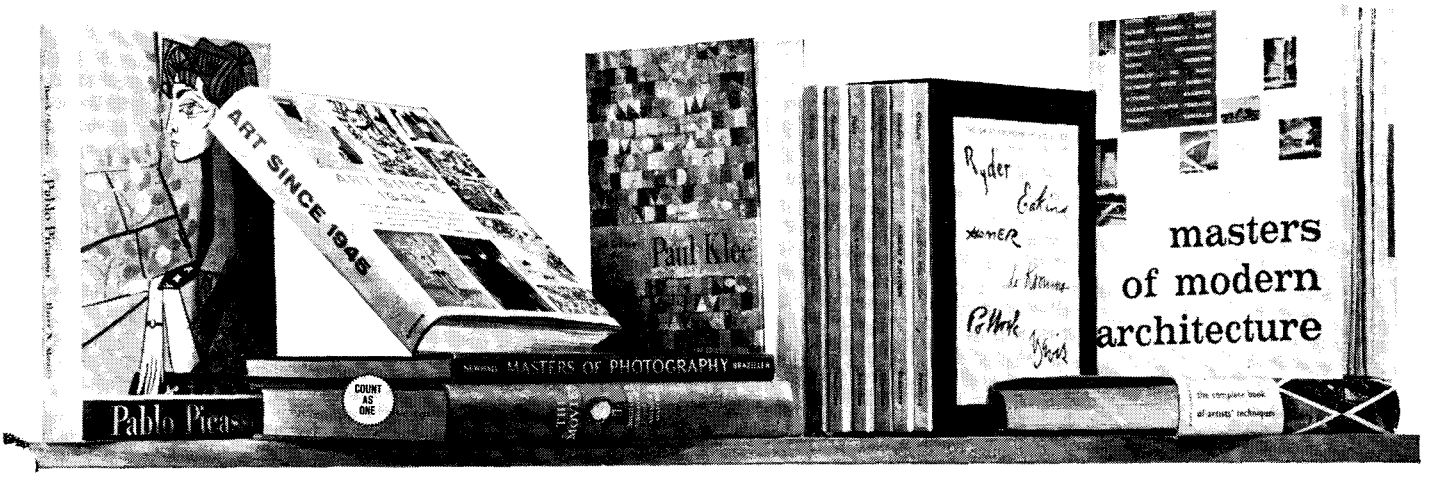

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TRADE Winds

JUST THE OTHER DAY, the 1960 World Almanac arrived at our desk, which automatically meant that the day was done as far as accomplishment was concerned. It has always been a matter of pure bewilderment how so many facts can be packed into a single volume; in just a few hours of perusal you can learn more information that you'll ever use. For instance, did you know that the Blakely Mountain Dam in Arkansas is on the Ouachita River, and that its volume in cubic yards is 4,290,000? That Lake Titicaca in South America has an area of 3,200 square miles? That Lewis Cass was the losing candidate when Zachary Taylor won the election of 1848? That the immigration quota for Ruanda-Urundi is 100? That Ferenc Sipos walked thirty kilometers in two hours, forty-six minutes, and twenty seconds? That the theoretical maximum curve a pitcher can expect to throw is 17.5 inches? That members of the English Parliament are paid $1,750? That in the first six months of last year, 19,374 new hotel rooms were built? That Frederikshaab, Greenland, is 1,717 miles from New York City?

How editor Harry Hansen keeps sane and collected in getting out such a volume is hard to imagine, but he's done it again, and the results are as impressive as ever.

NEXT TO ALMANACS, there is nothing more fascinating than a rhyming dictionary. Crown Publishers have come along with a spanking new one called "A Practical Dictionary of Rhymes," put together by Lawrence Holofcener, who has eliminated cross references to make the user's job easier. "They are bothersome and inspiration-killing," he says in his introduction, and he therefore insists on keeping each rhyming group together in one place.

Occasionally, he stretches for a rhyme—but who doesn't? You'll find "am a" matched up with "Cinerama"; "damn bull" paired with "preamble"; "clam'll" side by side with "trammel"; and "understand 'er" right next to "salamander." And while he doesn't completely solve the age-old problem of finding rhymes for "orange" and "sugar," he comes close to it with "forage" and "cougar."

FRESH FROM A TRIP to Portland, Oregon, where he was producing the prize-winning CBS-TV show "Woman," Fred Freed claims he has uncovered a present-day Robert W. Service, a gentleman some eighty years of age who calls himself the youngest sourdough alive today.

"We were filming some sequences in a hotel set up exclusively for the aged, when I met James Raymond Little," Freed told us. "I found out that his whole life had been spent mining and writing stories and poems of the Yukon. He was a deputy marshall for four years in the Klondike, and before he was twenty-two years old he had made $35,000.

"He has done all his writing—about five thousand stories and poems of the Klondike—in pen and ink, and when he moved into the hotel where I found him, he was surrounded by fifteen boxes, five suitcases, four grips, and a trunk, all full of his manuscripts. His one wish before he dies is to have some of his stories and poems published.

"This is a real gentleman of Klondike history—hope you might be able to use one of his poems."

We will:

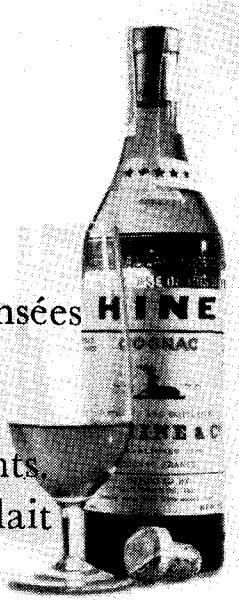
'TIS A QUESTION

By James Raymond Little

When I have crossed the last divide
Some friend may stand by my graveside.
Perhaps he'll whisper soft and low,
Here lies old Jim the sourdough.
And if it's true what preachers say
That we shall meet some brighter day,
I know I shall not be alone
If hell or heaven is my zone.

FROM A DIFFERENT GENERATION comes a contribution sent along by Bill Cooper, of Boulder, Colorado. It's a poem by his nine-year-old grandson, Peter B. Maeck, and it follows closely on the trail of the cannibal stories making the rounds. Young Peter titles this

Hine, le cognac sec
..Épatant!



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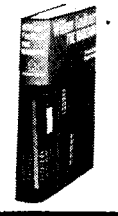

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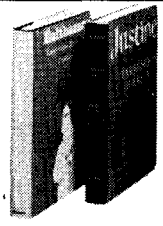

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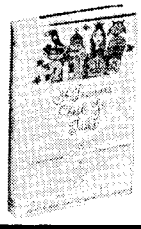

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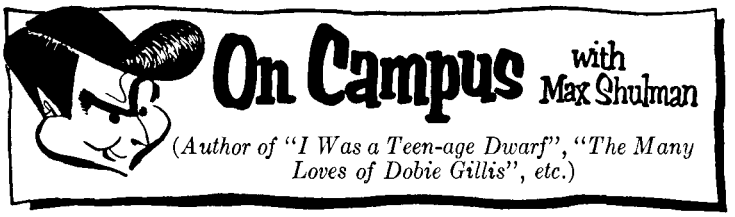

THE THUNDERING MARCH OF PROGRESS

Today, as everyone knows, is the forty-sixth anniversary of the founding of Gransmire College for Women, which, as everyone knows, was the first Progressive Education college in the United States.

Well do I recollect the tizzy in the academic world when Gransmire opened its portals! What a buzz there was, what a brouhaha in faculty common rooms, a rattling of teacups, when Dr. Agnes Thudd Sigafoos, first president of Gransmire, lifted her learned old head and announced defiantly, "We will teach the student, not the course. There will be no marks, no exams, no requirements. This, by George, is Progressive Education!"

Well sir, forward-looking maidens all over the country cast off their fetters and came rushing to New Hampshire to enroll at Gransmire. Here they found freedom. They broadened their vistas. They lengthened their horizons. They unstopped their bottled personalities. They roamed the campus in togas, leading ocelots on leashes.

And, of course, they smoked Marlboro cigarettes. (I say, "Of course." Why do I say, "Of course"? I say, "Of course" because it is a matter of course that anyone in search of freedom should naturally turn to Marlboro, for Marlboro is the smoke that sets the spirit soaring, that unyokes the captive soul, that fills the air with the murmur of wings. If you think flavor went out when filters came in—try Marlboro. They are sold in soft pack or flip-top box wherever freedom rings.)

But all was not Marlboro and ocelets for the girls of Gransmire. There was work and study too—not in the ordinary sense, to be sure, for there were no formal classes. Instead there was a broad approach to enlarging each girl's potentials, both mental and physical.

Take for example, the course called B.M.S. (Basic Motor Skills). B.M.S. was divided into L.D. (Lying Down), S.U. (Standing Up) and W. (Walking). Once the student had mastered L.D. and S.U., she was taught to W.—but not just to W. any old way! No sir! She was taught to W. with poise, dignity, bearing! To inculcate a sense of balance in the girl, she began her exercises by walking with a suitcase in each hand. (One girl, Mary Ellen Dorgenicht, got so good at it that today she is bell captain at the Deshler-Hilton Hotel in Columbus, Ohio.)

When the girls had walking under their belts, they were allowed to dance. Again no formality was imposed. They were simply told to fling themselves about in any way their impulses dictated, and, believe you me, it was quite an impressive sight to see them go bounding into the woods with their togas flying. (Several later joined the U. S. Forestry Service.)

It was quite an impressive sight---

There was also a lot of finger painting and sculpture with coat hangers and like that, and soon the fresh wind of Progressivism came whistling out of Gransmire to blow the ancient dust of pedantry off curricula everywhere, and today, thanks to the pioneers of Gransmire, we are all free.

If you are ever in New Hampshire, be sure to visit the Gransmire campus. It is now a tannery.

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* * *

If you like mildness but you don't like filters—try Marlboro's sister cigarette, Philip Morris. If you like television but you don't like cowboys—try Max Shulman's "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis" every Tuesday night on CBS.

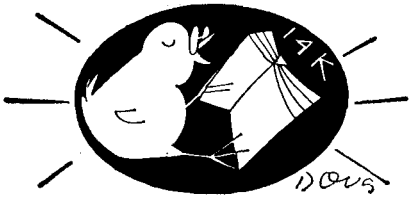
"Night Fright," and it appears as written:

I was camping one night; what a delight
Until the cannibles came into sight
They brought me to their chief; he was ugly, good grief
Then I got hot they put me in their cooking pot.

I thought to myself I got insurance
But do I have enough endurence
To get away from this cannible land
Or the cannibles would have me as meat on hand.

THE GOLDEN BOOKS, long a delightful juvenile staple of Simon & Schuster, have been stepping out on their own recently, under the Golden Press imprint. The new company is taking over the entire S & S juvenile backlist and, not content with that alone, is moving into the adult field with a few special titles.

"If there is any kind of an egg to be laid in this new venture," says Marge Ternes of S & S, "it's going to be a golden one."



PORTIONS OF AMERICANA may be on their last legs, to mix both metaphors and history. From the offices of the Greene Line Steamers, at the foot of Main Street in Cincinnati, Ohio, comes the grieved news that the last of the long-trip passenger-carrying river boats on the Mississippi may be doomed by a proposed bridge across the upper part of the river at Lacrosse, Wisconsin. The river boat *Delta Queen* needs a clearance of fifty-five feet to ply its course up to St. Paul, and the new bridge would be only forty-five feet above the water.

And, by coincidence, the voice of Mark Twain is heard from again in a newly discovered letter, hitherto unpublished, that has just been made public by the Houston *Post*. It was written to a Dallas schoolboy of twelve who wrote an essay on Twain back in 1880. Twain replied after the boy's principal sent him a copy of the essay. Writing from Hartford, he spells out for young Watt Bowser a few words of advice about writing which would go well anywhere today:

"Now I have read your composition, and think it is a very creditable performance. I notice that you use plain, simple language, short words, and brief sentences. That is the way to write

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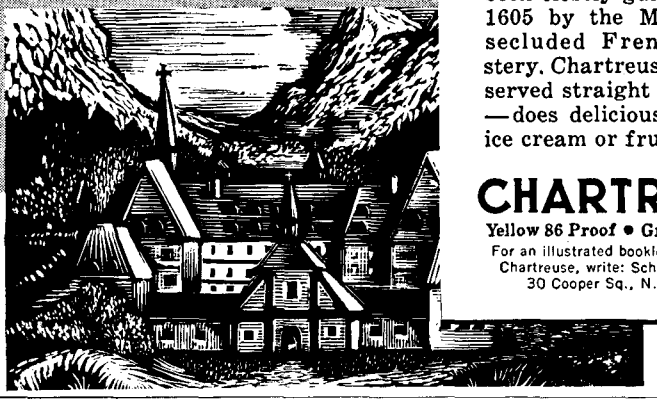

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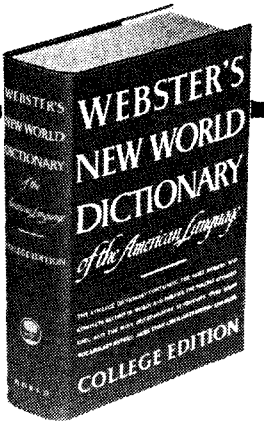

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THE DETERMINED and persistent effort on the part of two commercial pilots to bring full support to the principles of the U.N. is continuing, with some major breakthroughs in the offing, a spokesman for the organization "U.N. We Believe" told us recently.

Started in 1956 by pilot Charles C. Dent and his co-pilot, Richard Munger, the organization is moving hell and high offices to persuade major American corporations to affirm publicly their belief in the United Nations.

Dent, a Lehigh graduate and a native of Allentown, Pennsylvania, has been sparking the effort to persuade industry to use as much energy for peace as it did for war. Several top, blue-chip corporations have pitched in with office space, equipment, and other assistance to generate the effort which includes, as one of its goals, the displaying of the "U.N. We Believe" symbol wherever possible.

A sure sign of progress is evident most recently: P. J. Clarke's, one of the most popular pubs in New York City for the "in" crowd, prominently displays the symbol in its Gay Nineties tap room.

HERE'S A GAME for those who get bored with the ordinary pantomime quiz routine: the two teams are given French phrases, which they have to translate into fractured French before the contestants even begin to start solving them by pantomime.

Recent examples: *De trop* (Forward pass); *crème de menthe* (Mystery Book of the Month Club); *Au gratin* (I've got a boy in prep school).

—John G. Fuller.

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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 27, 1960

T. S. ELIOT:

THE DEATH OF LITERARY JUDGMENT

By KARL SHAPIRO

POETRY EDITOR'S NOTE: *T. S. Eliot (in binary orbit with Ezra Pound) is the only English writer since Dr. Johnson to have achieved near-total authority over the literary tone of his age. For our academies are full of Eliot-worshipers, and our formal criticism can hardly draw breath except in the atmosphere Eliot has created.*

No one is likely to suggest that such influence can flow from a man devoid of talent. Yet, as with Dr. Johnson, the talent may fetch less on the open market of time than it did at the age's local auction. Karl Shapiro attempts here to evaluate Eliot's poetic achievement as it will appear to the future.

For his reappraisal Shapiro tries a very simple thing, but one that cuts to the literary roots of the age—he tries to read the poems outside the force-field of critical theory with which Eliot and his followers have surrounded them. He tries, in his own words, to "judge them from the point of view of writing, on the assumption, which is to me a certainty, that all English-speaking people can appraise their worth as poetry."

Such statement has been all but embarrassed out of existence by recent literary fashion. Obviously, too, literary partisans can misread such statement in full passion. Those who have made Eliot a god will read Shapiro's appraisal of him as a man and promptly cry that Shapiro has made him into the devil. Those who have hated Eliot for their own reasons will twist out of Shapiro's words a license to reject all literary standards. And we foresee that there will even be those who will argue that there may be something in what Shapiro says but that he shouldn't say it because it will give aid and comfort to "the enemies of poetry."

We reject all three of these arguments as nonsense, and we do so in advance in the hope that the discussion that will certainly follow from Shapiro's declarations may serve to clear the air rather than to befog it. What Shapiro has to say can be disagreed with, but it deserves to be read carefully and without preconceived heat. Karl Shapiro teaches at the University of Nebraska. His "V-Letter and Other Poems" won the Pulitzer Prize in 1945. —JOHN CIARDI.

THE VERY idea of a summary of T. S. Eliot's writings seems a kind of blasphemy, or an act of unpardonable rudeness. For the Literary Situation (whatever that ecclesiastical expression is supposed to mean) is largely Eliot's invention, and for that reason it is all but impossible to discuss. Eliot is untouchable; he is Modern Literature incarnate and an institution unto himself. One is permitted to disagree with him on a point here or a doctrine there, but no more. The enemy at Eliot's gate searches his citadel for an opening and cannot find one. Eliot has long since anticipated every move; he and his men can prevent ingress or exit. Eliot resembles one of those mighty castles in Bavaria which are remarkably visible, famed for their unsightliness, and too expensive to tear down. Life goes on at the bottom; but *it* is always up there.

The question of Eliot as the chief obstacle to poetry today may not be a real question; it may be precisely the kind of imaginary question which Eliot himself brings up in his writing. In so far as one tries to deal with it, one is simply playing Eliot's game, with all the odds against him. I do not myself consider the question real, but I know of no way to discuss the ultimate value of Eliot's work without first discussing the exploits of his straw men. Eliot's reputation and the antagonism to it may both be false, not simply the one or the other. I propose here to show both the reputation and the opposition to it in another light. That there is something of value in

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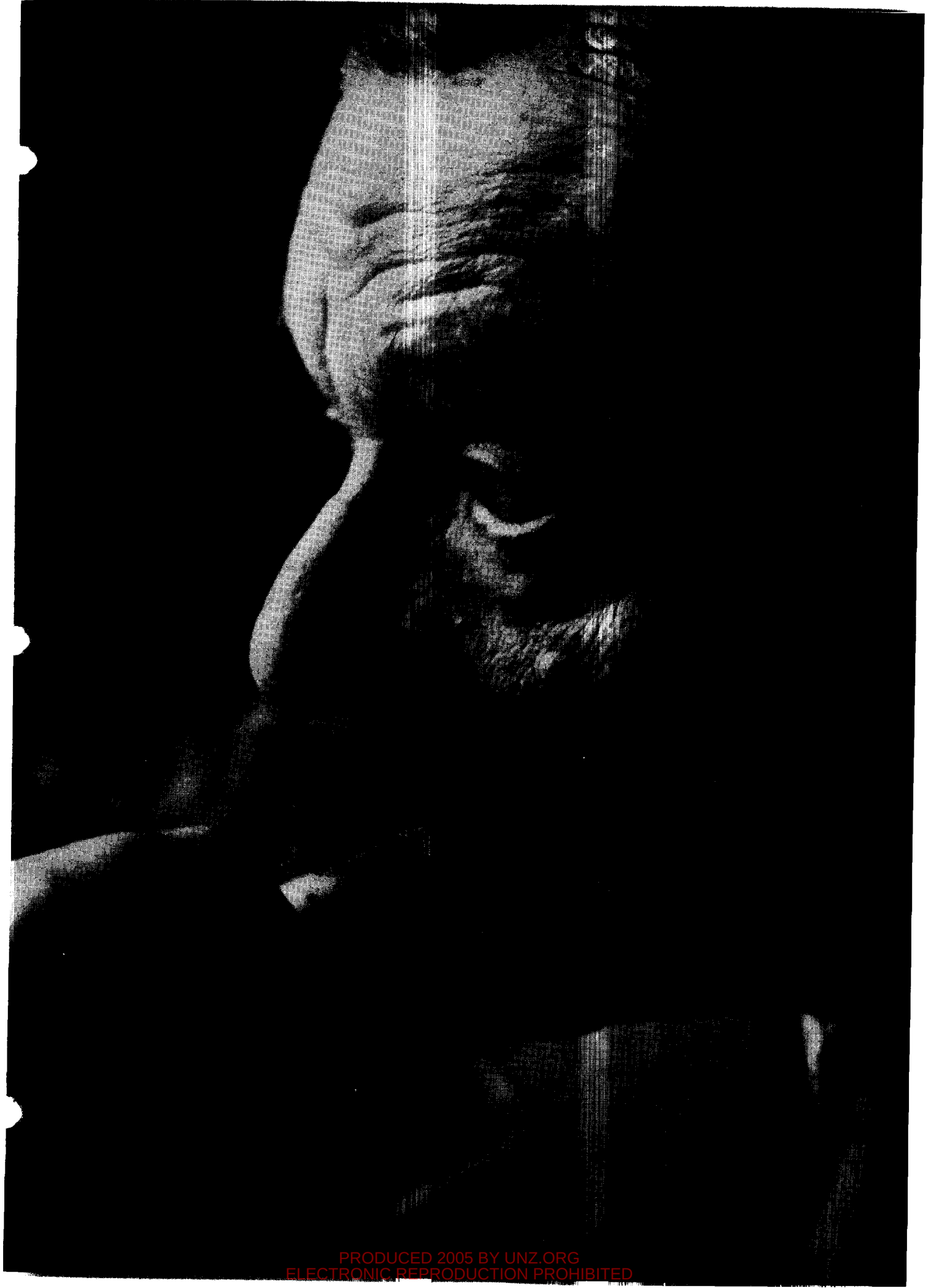

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Eliot's poetry and Eliot's criticism is quite possible, even from my pessimistic point of view; though the valuable portion is minuscule and is much different from what has been supposed.

Eliot is both the hero and the victim of a historical predicament. And he himself is as much the author of that predicament as "history" itself. Eliot created a literary situation, knowingly; he and his "situation" are fabrications, and very plausible fabrications at that. In other words, Eliot invented a Modern World which exists only in his version of it; this world is not a reality and is populated by Eliot's followers. The Eliot population consists of a handful of critics and professors and a few writers of Eliot's generation, though one would think, reading modern criticism and teaching from modern literary textbooks, that there really is a kingdom of Modern Poetry in which T. S. Eliot is the absolute monarch and Archbishop of Canterbury in one.

YOU will be thinking that I am using metaphorical language and am attempting to work up a nice critical discussion, the subject of which is the overestimation of T. S. Eliot. I am saying something quite different; namely, that Eliot exists only on paper, only in the minds of a few critics. Auden, for a decade or so, set patterns for poetry which were followed by thousands of new poets all over the world. Dylan Thomas did the same, as did Wallace Stevens. Neither Eliot nor Pound ever had any such effect on their readers or on young writers. Eliot's "influence" is confined purely to criticism. Insofar as Eliot has enjoyed a *poetic* influence it lies outside literature entirely and is what can only be called a "spiritual" influence. This spiritual influence is itself calculated and synthetic; and in so far as it fails as a true influence, it removes Eliot's one and only claim to literary power. But here he does not entirely fail.

To deal with Eliot outside the literary situation which he has invented means to deal with his poetry head-on. It means passing judgment upon it as good or bad poetry.

Eliot has written a small body of poetry which is sacrosanct; he has written his most favorable criticism about poetry which is like his (namely, Pound's); and has surrounded both with a full-scale esthetic-social doctrine. What I would like to do is to draw attention to Eliot's poetry—for that is the heart of the matter. For those who do not instinctively and spontaneously reject this poetry, I suppose some form of argument is required. Perhaps this essay will be of some assistance to them. I have in mind students primarily, those who are given Modern Poetry as gospel; I have the young critic in mind, and also teachers and scholars. Poets do not need these remarks. I have met hundreds of poets in my life but not more than one or two who entertained the reverence for Eliot which they find in the textbooks. As most poets are not intellectuals and are the opposite, they are always stunned by the intellectual pretentions of Eliot and at a loss to deal with them.

Eliot's preparation of the historical ground upon which he would found his position was the territory of all literature—excluding the Chinese, which was the preserve of Pound. He did not, evidently, intend a personal seizure of intellectual power; Eliot's famous humility testifies to his uneasiness in the face of overwhelming success. His irrational and subservient association with Pound points to a genuine desire to refuse intellectual leadership, or at least to share it with others.

There was, it appears, a need for an Eliot about 1910. Eliot arrived on the literary scene at the point of vacuum; and he filled this vacuum which literary Nature abhors. Such at least is the accepted view. What is probably nearer the truth is that Eliot appeared at a time when the vitality of the audience was low; and when this is the case, criticism pours into the void. It is the critic in the guise of poet that we have to deal with, not a new kind of poet. For it is criticism which is the twentieth-century substitute for poetry.

The Historical Situation which Eliot exploits under the banner of Tradition was in the beginning the Educational Situation. It was local and Anglo-American, a defense of the Gentleman's Education. I put it vulgarly because that is the way it was. Too many writers have commented on Eliot's fears of being taken for a provincial for me to add my comment. These fears, however, are part of the New England heritage—the worst part—which leads the New Englander to become the Old Englander. Eliot's early life and work follow an almost hypnotic pattern; one might call him that pseudo-American, the type which finally won New England from the immigrant and gave it back to "history." The cultural dryness of New England was a by-product of this attitude, which Eliot exemplifies even better than Henry James: that of relating America to New England, New England to England. Eliot was simply retracing the path back to Europe, exactly as Pound did, and as so many of our nineteenth-century writers tended to do, all but those specifically American. Robert Frost is the lone "New England" poet who has withstood the triumph of Eliot. Frost has never become an international culture poet—there are no Nobel prizes for him. He is simply a master poet, . embarrassment to criticism.

THE critics who helped establish Eliot were no less instrumental than Eliot himself in opening the frontiers of the Cultural Territory. To illustrate what I mean I want to point to two literary critics who from every indication should have become his strongest foes but did not. They are Edmund Wilson and F. O. Matthiessen. I must emphasize, of course, that I am talking about the Edmund Wilson of the early Twenties. I have nothing but the highest respect for the present position of Wilson, as evidenced by his critical article on Eliot last year in *The New Yorker*.

Wilson today may be fairly described as a critic in every way the natural opposite of Eliot. In his early estimate of Eliot in "Axel's Castle," probably the first work to install Eliot in a high position in the literary mind, he pointed out almost every serious defect of the poet: his "fear of vulgarity," his intention to "depersonalize" literature, his over-intellectuality, h[illegible] imitativeness, and so forth. Wilso described Eliot as the Puritan turned artist and expressed the fear that the extravagant praise of Eliot on all sides would perhaps unbalance literary judgment, as of course it did. What then attracted the early Wilson to Eliot? *It was Eliot's influence on literary criticism.* Wilson walked straight into the trap which Eliot had baited for all Humanists and run-of-the-mill men of letters. Eliot had written so high-mindedly about the literary past and so dolefully about the present that Wilson was taken in. What attracted the budding critic Wilson was, of course, the keenness of intelligence, the range of ideas, the feel of authority, and the sense of History. Also, a hopeful critic like Wilson was on the search for a poet to praise, and Wilson thought he had found him. Fortunately, that is not Wilson's present position, but that chapter does not belong to our chronicle.

F. O. Matthiessen's relationship to Eliot is even more extraordinary than that of the humanist critic who gaze[s] in fascination at the Puritan turne[d] artist. Matthiessen, I think, felt the same attraction for New England that Eliot did, the one coming from the Midwest, the other from the West Coast. To the critical and historica[l]

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mind of Matthiessen, Eliot must have seemed an incarnation of American history. In any case, Matthiessen had some adjusting to do in his own thinking in order to place Eliot in the same high position that Wilson had. He acknowledged his indebtedness to Wilson and also to I. A. Richards, the man who tried, and almost succeeded, in driving the poetic mind into the test tube. Matthiessen could not agree with Eliot's philosophy, his religion, or his politics, and yet he felt he must adulate Eliot. The result was his book on Eliot in which Matthiessen disdains the kind of criticism that deals with the poet's "ideas" and praises the kind of criticism that deals with the "forms." The book, "The Achievement of T. S. Eliot," was published during the height of the Depression and at a time when Marxism was strong in the United States. Matthiessen was perhaps the most intensely engaged political mind among the English professors of his day and a Leftist; yet he chose to cut himself off from the politics of Eliot's poetry and criticism to talk about the "forms." This was a split that Eliot had invented for himself and which Eliot evidently kept from being fatal in his own life by various makeshifts of criticism. In Matthiessen the split deepened; and he eventually committed suicide. I do not mean this as a glib explanation of Matthiessen's death; I do mean that the false dualisms set up by Eliot between art and social action are symptomatic of the insanity of much modern criticism. In any case, it was Eliot's attractive formulation of these dualisms that neutralized so many critics and led Criticism into a squirrel cage where it still performs so brilliantly for its own amusement. Even Eliot's most favorable critics have never been able to resolve his major contradictions, which are central and irreducible conflicts rising from a false view of art as a function of history and culture, and a twisted attitude toward human nature.

ELIOT'S criticism is not "one thing" and his poetry another. They are one and the same. Herein lies the only unity of his work and of his "sensibility." This unity has been achieved coldly and ruthlessly, on paper. It has only as much relation to life as books can have: Experience in Eliot is always and necessarily literary experience. All other experience is vulgar, with the possible exception of the religious experience, which is Eliot's escape hatch. His poems are therefore illustrations of the various stages of his "position," just as Pound's poems are illustrations of Pound's politick. Pound is not interested in poetry as poetry but in demonstrating what poetry is for. Eliot is above pedagogy, being closer to philosophy than to history. But the unifying element in Eliot is theology: and it is not inaccurate to describe Eliot as a theologian gone astray. The difference between Eliot's respectability and Pound's notoriety lies here as well. The frequent violence of Eliot's feelings is overlooked because of the "religious" context. Both his verse and his prose are held together by the main strength of certain theological abstractions. Eliot shows a positive hatred for originality and in fact condemns it in every manifestation; originality is irresponsible freedom to him. It is for this reason that he consigns Blake to limbo while hanging onto Pascal for dear life. Blake, says Eliot, is homemade religion. He stays within the shadow of his theological law, which shelters his politics, his religion, and his esthetics.

How, then, is one to deal with his poetry without bringing in such terms as "mythic form," the "objective correlative," the "auditory imagination," the "dissociation of sensibility," the "Tradition," and fifty or sixty other concepts which are supposed to explain his poetry to us? The answer is by dealing with the poetry as poetry, as if Eliot had never published a single line of critical theory or laid down a single law or set up a single guidepost to "correct" taste. In other words, ignore it, if possible. Eliot's criticism, like all literary criticism, has a place in the seminar room in the philosophy department; let's keep it there. How it ever got out is a biographical question which we will leave to anyone daring enough to violate Eliot's fiat against biography. I take it that Eliot is mainly responsible for the modern taboo against literary biography, one of his less publicized fields of propaganda.

In another section of these notes I have made a distinction between criticism and judgment. The strategic purpose of Eliot's criticism was to prevent judgment; that is the purpose of the criticism which he gave birth to (called the New Criticism), to replace judgment by theory. Eliot's own judgment is seldom shown, governed as it is by precept. His intellectualization of feeling and taste lead him to such twisted judgments as the praise of Kipling and the execration of Whitman, the approval of Donne and the disparagement of Milton, and to pronouncements such as "the novel died" on such and such a date. One of Eliot's followers, taking a suggestion from the master, writes a long, seemingly "objective" account of the weaknesses of the poetry of D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence had committed the horrible sin of expressing his own feelings in poetry. Instead of displaying "the discipline of a rationally constructed imagination," Lawrence *expresses*. If only, this critic complains, Lawrence had learned to use "controlled hysteria" as Eliot did. And

T. S. Eliot (r.) and Edith Sitwell (c.) in 1943 at a BBC studio discuss Eliot's scholarly radio talk about James Joyce's work, which received wide public acclaim.

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so forth. ("Controlled hysteria" happens to be an accurate description of Eliot's poetry from an amateur psychology point of view, but the critic in question, R. P. Blackmur, egregiously takes Eliot's tightly buttoned-up pathology to be the normal state of affairs for poetry.)

To Eliot and Pound, with their provincial and educated horror of the unlettered and the spontaneous, the idea of a large or mixed audience was unspeakable. Throughout the criticism of these two leaders of modern taste the audience is constantly defined as a danger to the status quo. Pound, for example, in making up his book list for converts to his criticism, is even suspicious of the ballad. He cannot explain to himself that the ballad may be and probably is the product of the "unliterary" mind; he distrusts Shakespeare for the same reason. Eliot's own plays, of course, are addressed to a good, sound, upper-middle-class audience, British preferably, even though a couple of his dramatic works have a popular appeal. Eliot must get quite a chuckle out of that.

In discussing Eliot's or Pound's idea of the audience (or what they would call the *function* of literature, in their strangely mechanistic language) one runs into the old danger of bogging down in points of doctrine and definition. It is no exaggeration to say that Eliot's criticism contains a definite plan of action, leading from a theory of poetics to political philosophy and covering all the intermediate stages. I will come back to this matter in my remarks on Yeats and Pound and their part in the religion of modern poetry. But as far as the audience is concerned it is enough to say that Eliot and Pound have never had one — Eliot not until a few years ago, Pound never. The public has consistently rejected all of the poetry of 1915-25 from the beginning and has ignored both the poetry and its scale of values. In the voluntary withdrawal of the audience the critics have created an academic audience; that is, a captive audience. The true audience, when it is allowed to grow, may of course reach all levels of appreciation from the lowest to the highest; it is ever the job of the poet to address himself to the present *condition* of the audience and to the language of that audience.

Eliot and Pound have both attempted to find the language of their time: both have failed miserably and have succeeded only in constructing parodistic copies of the language. (This is the cogent argument of William Carlos Williams against both poets.) Eliot's style of deliberate plagiarism is the first symptom of failure to locate the language—in his case a lifelong admission of defeat. Modern poetry is macaronic because, in fact, it is not linguistically modern at all. It is high time we related the Pound-Eliot antiquarianism in ideas to the antiquarianism of their styles.

I am going to deal with only a sample of the most typical and celebrated poems of Eliot's, from "Prufrock" through the "Quartets," trying to *judge* these poems as if Eliot had never written any criticism. I judge them from the point of view of writing, on the assumption, which is to me a certainty, that all English-speaking people can appraise their worth as English poetry. This is the way poetry has always been read—without criticism or in spite of it. I disregard, as far as possible, Eliot's talk about the form of this and the form of that. I am confident that my judgments of these poems as poetry, not as sociology or esthetics, are extremely close to the judgments of nearly all readers of modern poetry who have not been conditioned by the criticism.

"THE Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is probably Eliot's best poem and is a little masterpiece of its kind. It is highly unoriginal in content and in style, based as it is on the rhythms, the attitudes, and sometimes the very lines of minor Symbolist poets like Corbiere and Laforgue. Rhythmically it is the most successful of Eliot's poems, possibly because it was conceived as a dramatic unit. The meter is varied within the conventional English line, and the rhyming is superb. There is every indication that at the time of composition (age twenty-three) Eliot still took seriously the customs of English prosody and was trying in earnest (i.e., without irony) to develop this technical side of our poetry. The general tone of the poem is that of polite, sophisticated ennui, an essay in self-mockery. The literary allusions in the poem, not counting the epigraph, are of the most obvious nature. This poem does not offend on the side of Culture. The epigraph from Dante purportedly throws the poem into a different dimension from the poem itself; it is the epigraph which critics talk about most and which teachers teach. This quotation is gratuitous, a meaningless decoration; later it becomes the actual method of the Eliot poem. The difficulties of the poem, which are intentional, are not insurmountable, say, to a reader conversant with poetry tending toward the baroque or self-conscious. "Prufrock" is a poem about self-consciousness. The split personality of Prufrock creates the chief obstacle to a first understanding of the poem. The other primary difficulty is imagistic, and this is also the main virtue of the poem. The famous opening image of the evening prostrate "like a patient etherized upon a table" is one of the most brilliant examples of the poetry of exhaustion; very possibly it is a variation of Baudelaire's statement that the sexual act is like surgical operation. Eliot's poem, however, is humorous rather than vicious and develops a kindly pathos to the very end. The imagery of the poem is all related to suggestion, a watering-down of the extreme suggestiveness of "effect" of poets like Mallarmé and Poe, and is, in fact, a retreat from official Symbolism. (Eliot would already be conscious of all the "historical" possibilities of his "position.") "Prufrock" is a masterpiece of a "period," the turning point of Eliot's poetry. It is a true poem and also an experiment in criticism. It is a true poem by virtue of a personal content, which we knew nothing about and which Eliot is always more sensitive to than any writer I know of. But many things in the poem point to the so-called objectification of experience; even after Eliot airs to the public his problem of the personal and the impersonal, Life versus Art. The figure of Hamlet in "Prufrock" he finds particularly expressive of his own dilemma, even though Prufrock disclaims a true identity with the Prince. But Hamlet is the figure who makes an art of indecision. Indecision means thinki things over, becoming an intellectual. Eliot's poetry all turns to talk. As it goes on through the years it becomes nothing but talk, and talk about the kind of poetry that comes closer and closer to talk. Technically, the poem prefigures all the criticism, with its debates about the personal and the impersonal, the more and more "objective," the great struggle toward "unified sensibility" and what not.

ELIOT'S failure as a poet is his success as a critic. Prufrock as a character is of no intrinsic interest but he is of high *literary* interest to all. In this poem Eliot has remained close enough to a human footing to make poetry out of a personal complex of crises, private, social, and intellectual. Had he written nothing else he would be remembered for this poem.

The "Portrait of a Lady" is also a young poem, written apparently at the time of "Prufrock." The "Portrait," however, is not a textbook piece; it is too much of a love poem. It is not so good a poem as "Prufrock," actually, becau it has the tone of adolescence rathe than the tone of a prefigured worldliness, as in "Prufrock." In the "Portrait" the woman is made fun of; she is wiser but inferior to the young Eliot; the poem leaves the reader nothing much to

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dwell upon except its excellence of execution. It appears to be one of Eliot's many exercises in tone. The epigraph in this case is a falsification. Eliot takes three lines from Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta," the meaning of which he distorts for his own purpose. The lines are these:

Thou has committed—
Fornication: but that was in another country,
And besides, the wench is dead.

These three lines are actually part of a long, involved dialogue; two people are speaking, not one. Eliot does not mean to convey that only one person is speaking, but he must for convenience gloss over the sense of the play. Eliot exegetes can retrace the quotation and explain that a friar is accusing the traitorous Jew, Barabas, of a series of crimes and that the Jew is evading answering; in the same way the Eliot in the poem is evading answering the questions of the woman. Psychologically this kind of thing can become so involved that everything reverts to the meaning of the *quotation*. This is the crux of the Eliot poem, as we all know: how does the quotation fit the poem? Very shortly the matter is reversed and the question becomes: how does the poem fit the *quotation*? The beauty of the "Portrait" testifies to Eliot's residual interest in the poem, not in its possible intellectual overtones; the quotation (virtually a misquotation) also indicates the poet's concern about what he writes rather than what he quotes. But the quote is also a loophole for the meaning of the poem, permitting Eliot to evade his meaning or permitting critics to elaborate it.

In his early poems Eliot displays a mastery of sound and rhythm which marks the poet of genius. The rhyming is dazzling, a mixture of shock (the use of near-comic pairs such as Pole-soul) and the much more subtle effect of non-rhyme, such as we find in Milton's "Lycidas." It is almost, but not quite, apparent that Eliot at the beginning of his career is playing the weary virtuoso. But this is not sufficient, either for Eliot or for "the literary scene." There is not much to be gained by becoming an Anglo-American Laforgue.

Many of the poems of this early style are even more "French" than the longer ones, but more satisfying evidently to

(*Continued on page* 34)

"The motivating force in Eliot's work is the search for the mystical center of experience."

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Southern Gothic with a Vengeance

By Granville Hicks

FLANNERY O'CONNOR is a Southerner and a Catholic, and both of these facts are important. Her material, up to a point at any rate, comes from her region, and is roughly of the sort described as Southern Gothic. Her attitude towards the material derives, as she has herself pointed out, from her religious convictions. But she is a particular kind of Southerner and, if she will forgive a heretic for saying so, a particular kind of Catholic. Her work is highly individual, and the better it becomes, the clearer its individuality is.

"The Violent Bear It Away" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) is better than her first novel, "Wise Blood," and as good as the best of her short stories, which is to say that it is first-rate. She has been working on it for a long while (a chapter appeared in *New World Writing* in 1955) and it is a firm, strong, disciplined book. From now on there can be no doubt that Miss O'Connor is one of the important American writers.

The novel has a breathtaking first sentence:

> Francis Marion Tarwater's uncle had been dead for only half a day when the boy got too drunk to finish digging his grave and a Negro named Buford Munson, who had come to get a jug filled, had to finish it and drag the body from the breakfast table where it was still sitting and bury it in a decent Christian way, with the sign of its Saviour at the head of the grave and enough dirt on top to keep the dogs from digging it up.

This is Southern Gothic with a vengeance, and it gives a taste of the violence and horror to come. Like "Wise Blood," the book is one of grotesques, but this does not mean that the characters are fantastic or incredible. On the contrary, it becomes impossible not to believe in them.

Francis Marion Tarwater, who is fourteen, has been brought up by the uncle—great-uncle really—whom he fails to bury. The old man, a fanatic, in his own opinion a prophet, a moonshiner on the side, kidnaped the boy, taught him what he wanted him to know, trained him to become his successor. The boy's only other relative is a true uncle, a schoolteacher named Rayber, and it is to him that young Tarwater now turns.

The conflict between the boy and his uncle becomes the novel's central theme. Rayber himself, when he was seven, was exposed to the old man's fanaticism, but he escaped and, as he believes, achieved enlightenment. Now he wants to save his nephew, but Tarwater is recalcitrant. At the same time, however, Tarwater is by no means sure that he wants to adopt the prophetic role for which he has been prepared. In particular he hesitates before the task that, above all else, the old man imposed upon him: the baptizing of Rayber's feeble-minded son.

Both the boy and the man are divided within themselves. Tarwater has a tough, worldly streak, represented by an inner voice that gives him practical counsel, and from the beginning he struggles against his great-uncle's design for him, even though the compulsion to obey is strong. Rayber, for his part, has been more deeply influenced by the old man than he likes to admit, and he has to wage a hard fight against his fanatical tendencies. The rationalism he so glibly expounds is no more than skin deep.

Nevertheless, Rayber is diligent in his effort to lead Tarwater out of the darkness of superstition into the light of reason, and he tries one stratagem after another. He has, however, no chance of success, for the boy rejects out of hand the teacher's way of life. If he is not to become the prophet his great-uncle wanted him to be, then he will follow the bidding of his own dark impulses. His struggle reaches its climax in a scene with Rayber's half-witted child, but the climax is indecisive, for, against his will, he baptizes the child even as he drowns him. In the end, after Tarwater's further resistance, the triumph of the old man is complete.

—*Self-portrait.*

Flannery O'Connor — ". . . the sharpest eyes for the grotesque."

In the essay she contributed to "The Living Novel" Miss O'Connor wrote:

> . . . when I look at stories I have written I find that they are, for the most part, about people who are poor, who are afflicted in both mind and body, who have little—or at best a distorted—sense of spiritual purpose. . . . Yet how is this? For I am no disbeliever in spiritual purpose and no vague believer. I see from the standpoint of Christian orthodoxy. This means that for me the meaning of life is centered in our Redemption by Christ and that what I see in the world I see in its relation to that. . . My own feeling is that writers who see by the light of their Christian faith will have, *in these times*, the sharpest eyes for the grotesque, for the perverse, and for the unacceptable. . . The novelist with Christian concerns will find in modern life distortions which are repugnant to him, and his problem will be to make these appear as distortions to an audience which is used to seeing them as natural.

THE people in "The Violent Bear It Away," then, are not merely grotesques, and their grotesqueness is not portrayed for its own sake; they are distortions. The old man is warped by fanaticism; he is ugly, intemperate, unloving. Young Tarwater, before he too becomes a fanatic, has found no better alternative than cynicism and violent action. As for Rayber, his rationalism is superficial and preposterously inadequate. He is, indeed, as we realize after the drowning of the child, a dead soul.

Yet Miss O'Connor exposes none of these characters to the contempt of the reader. She is not attacking error but portraying poor erring men. She writes about them with great compassion, and does justice to their virtues.

Miss O'Connor tells the story with stark power, making every detail carry its full weight. The conflicts she describes are wonderfully sustained and intensified, and the characters are even more fully revealed. What happens seems, when it has happened, to have been inevitable. Miss O'Connor is thoroughly in control of her world; she knows it and she knows where she stands in relation to it. Her prose is strong, supple, at times full of beauty, never pretentious. From any point of view, "The Violent Bear It Away" is a distinguished piece of work.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Main Meaning of Man's History

"The Long Way to Freedom," by James T. Shotwell *(Bobbs-Merrill. 640 pp. $7.50), after examining man's history, finds social justice to be the only solid basis for peace. "Issues of Freedom" is the most recent work by Herbert J. Muller, professor of Government at Indiana University.*

By Herbert J. Muller

IN THE last century the very learned, high-minded Lord Acton devoted most of his life to gathering material for a history of freedom, which he never wrote, and which has been called the greatest book that was never written. Such a history remained unwritten until now. Now James T. Shotwell has crowned his distinguished career by producing one. On the surface, his history is different from that projected by Lord Acton, reflecting the growing concern with economics and increasing awareness of ideology in this century. Yet it harks back to his Victorian forebear, having much the same spirit of high mission. Professor Shotwell is as dedicated to the cause of freedom.

Like Acton, he equates freedom with justice and pictures its growth as the main meaning of man's entire history. While always respecting the facts, he makes no pretense of detachment or pure objectivity, but feels as free to moralize. He indeed tends to be more downright in his judgments. Acton regarded Christianity as the fountainhead of Western freedom, but he was forever troubled by the ecclesiastical record of opposition to freedom, and by some difficulty in reconciling his beliefs as a devout Catholic and an ardent liberal. Professor Shotwell is a wholehearted liberal, respectful of Christian ideals but untroubled by any such conflict. His piety leads him to conclude that finally "the city of man will be the embodiment of the City of God." As this optimistic conclusion might suggest, his history is old-fashioned enough to strike some readers as unsophisticated, others as heart-warming—and to give a reviewer pause.

Now, his primary concern here is the present state of the world; a third of the book is taken up with the events of our century. There is no question of the timeliness or the thoughtfulness of his work. A specialist in international affairs, Professor Shotwell speaks with the authority of firsthand knowledge as well as long study. He was on the scene in Paris when the victors in World War I established the ill-fated League of Nations. He is the more worth listening to because he remains devoted to the ideals of Woodrow Wilson. The immediate failure of Wilson has accentuated not only the loftiness but the soundness of his aims. Our hopes for survival rest on the platitudes about freedom, justice, and peace.

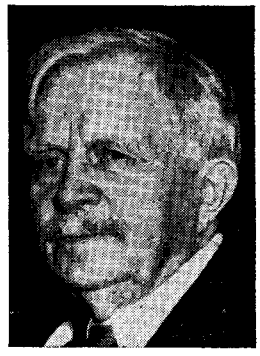
As a world history, however, "The Long Way to Freedom" is relatively brief and sketchy, and it suffers somewhat from this preoccupation with the present crisis. Readers may be distracted by the repeated intrusion of contemporary reference. Professor Shotwell is an insistent guide, wagging his finger too much; one who finds his comments pertinent and sensible may still wish that he more often allowed his history to speak for itself. And in any case his treatment of the past is governed by the urgent political problems confronting us today.

Accordingly he focuses on Western

(*Continued on page* 32)

THE AUTHOR: To illustrate what he meant about society today, James T. Shotwell took from his desk drawer two artifacts. One was chipped, one ground; between the first, from the Old Stone Age, and the second, from the New, he pointed out that 150,000 years had elapsed. "Just think," he said, "how slow the progress has been!" The eighty-five-year-old president emeritus of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace then picked up his book "The United States in History," and, without resorting to spectacles, eloquently read its conclusion: "The world has just *begun* to be civilized. Within a single lifetime we are turning the corner on the long stretch of centuries that reaches from beyond the Ice Age. There is no parallel to this in all the history of mankind. No wonder, therefore, that the pathway of progress is blocked by ignorance and the ideals of justice and liberty are at times dimmed. Humanity is on the march, but . . . we shall forever find across our pathway the shadows of heights still to be scaled—of ideals still to be realized." The former professor's eyes looked very blue when he raised them from the page. "*There's* a challenge for you!" he said.

"With science and invention," he noted, "we have gotten away from a repetitive society. Every new invention and discovery causes a displacement which calls for still further discoveries. The dynamic society will always be different from now on." Dr. Shotwell leaned back in his chair. "But don't forget," he added, "we've got a good deal of the Ice Age in our minds yet. Change is a painful thing to most people. We are going to have that painful process from now on." Was he optimistic? "Oh, yes. Because what we fall back on is intelligence and, after all, that is the safest guide that anyone knows."



James T. Shotwell

Dr. Shotwell, who for fifty years was professor of history at Columbia University, doesn't know how many books he has written. His bibliography lists more than 500 titles of published writings. "The Long Way to Freedom," for instance, was begun two decades ago, then dropped for fifteen years. Now, as the culmination of a life devoted to international peace efforts, he is working on his autobiography. "It's the hardest book I ever tried," he protested. "I don't want to show off." However, utilizing the confidential diaries he kept during the two-score years that he served the Government here and abroad, Dr. Shotwell has already reached 1931.

For amusement he also writes poems. One of them reads: "Time is a cunning thief, beware,/ He picks your pocket daily,/ Not an old greybeard, bent with care,/ But a youngster grinning gaily./ The glass and scythe are mere disguise,/ To cover his queer behavings,/ And you find at last with sudden surprise,/ He has stolen all your savings./ But when this happens the thing to do/ Is not to beg or borrow,/ But with defter fingers rifle him, too,/ And steal another tomorrow."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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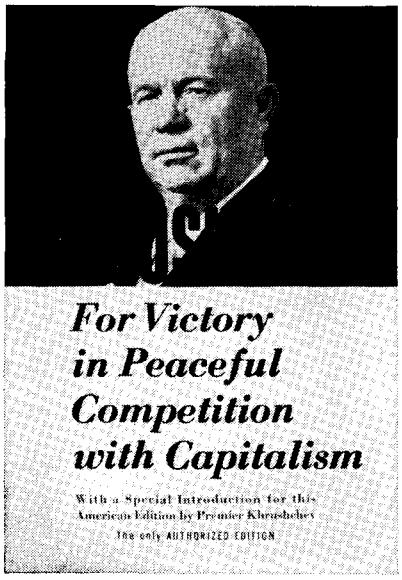
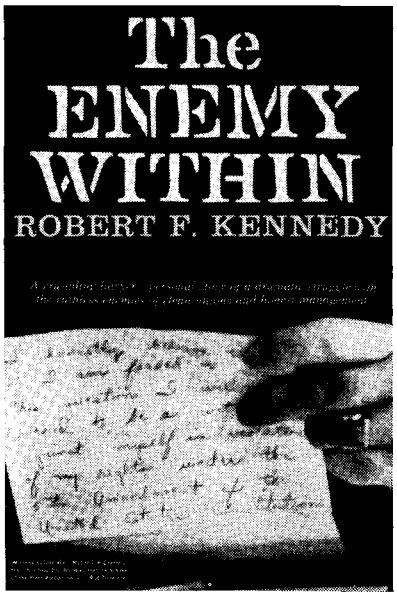
Books in the News





1. Première of the Upstart Premier

By DAVID J. DALLIN, *author of "The Changing World of Soviet Russia" and other books.*

THE SPEECHES and interviews of the Soviet Premier collected in **"For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism"** (Dutton, $3.95) relate to the first year of his undisputed rule over his country's internal and external affairs. By the end of 1957 he was in full control. "Collective leadership" is no longer mentioned; the hand stretched out to Tito has been withdrawn, and the Yugoslavs are violently attacked; all internal foes have been silenced. Not even the names of Molotov or Malenkov are mentioned. The year of Hungary, so detrimental for Moscow, with its portent of disintegration of international Communism, and with centrifugal forces tearing the empire apart, had just ended; the Soviet Union was again in the position of undisputed leader of its satellites and allies. And the first Sputnik had just soared into the sky, marking a new era of prestige and far-reaching progress.

Looking at us from the pages of this book is the unattractive but forceful face of this first "proletarian" to hold the leading post in Soviet Russia, the successor to a line of "intellectuals," from Lenin to Malenkov, each a colorful personality who had put his seal on Soviet destiny. We see Khrushchev's strong side as well as his weaknesses; we see him at his best and at his worst. We recognize the immense progress he has made since the first post-Stalin years, but we also observe the substantial remnants of "Stalinism" in his attitudes on international issues.

In the beginning, after Stalin's death, Khrushchev was still, to Russia as well as to the world abroad, an obscure personality, one in the phalanx of Stalin's "henchmen," without any qualifications for supreme leadership. His addiction to the bottle was proverbial. His knowledge of international affairs was almost zero. In Russia people made fun of the *kukuruznik* ("corn-man"), and jokes about him were freely exchanged in Moscow streets and busses. Throughout Russian history the gay freedom of the joke has served as a substitute for the grave and ponderous "four freedoms."

In matters of foreign policy, the Molotov - Malenkov group treated Khrushchev with contempt. To the very last he was an upstart, a man without the prerequisites for the highest ranking post. "I have worked under Lenin, and you?," old Molotov shouted at him at a crucial session of the Central Committee. Molotov felt that he himself was of the proper stature to wear Lenin's toga, but that it did not fit the figure of this big-bellied homunculus. In fact, Khrushchev's first pronouncements on international affairs were so maladroit that they had to be censored before publication. He himself felt that he was little prepared for the job, and when Molotov was dismissed he appointed another specialist, Dimitri Shepilov, to head the Foreign Ministry.

We see clearly from this book that within a few years Khrushchev overcame his shortcomings; when Shepilov joined Khrushchev's opponents and was ousted, Khrushchev became his own Foreign Minister. The present holder of the title, Andrei Gromyko, unlike Molotov and Malenkov, is a technician, a subaltern; not a single important decision is taken in which Khrushchev is not consulted, and no international conference can be fruitful if Gromyko alone represents the Soviet Union. In his frank, rude way, Khrushchev himself has stressed his supercontrol of Soviet foreign policy: "If I tell Gromyko to pull down his pants and sit on ice, he will remain sitting until I tell him to get up."

The Khrushchev that emerges from the pages of this book is lively, witty, resourceful, sharp, quick at repartee. His "impromptus" have been well thought out in advance. When he is to discuss an involved problem he is well briefed. However, among the most important traits that he has acquired in these last years is an utmost self-confidence and conviction of his own formidable stature. He half listens to interviewers, he does not answer direct questions, and he does not conceal his feeling of superiority over the Western "lackeys of capitalism." He is talkative and repetitious. His excellent health permits him to speak in public for hours at a stretch. Perhaps self-confidence and good health are among the prerequisites for ascendancy to supreme leadership in a totalitarian nation.

Among the dubious traits of both Khrushchev's personality and his foreign policy is primitiveness of thinking, oversimplification, and adherence to old terms and slogans. Khrushchev is not aware of the obsolescence of some of his ideas. He seems really to believe that juxtaposition of Socialism and capitalism can serve as a compass in international developments. As if this were still the Twenties, he is certain that our "millionaires and billionaires" are trying, by every means, to put an end to the system of economy that prevails in the East; that they want a great war in order to make money by sale of arms; that the successes of Soviet rocket production, of which the Sputniks are part, prove the superiority of Soviet Socialism over capitalism; etc.—all primitive, unsophisticated theories which have by now been rejected

(*Continued on page* 30)

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THE BIRTH OF "VICTORY": At Geneva, in 1955, when Nikita S. Khrushchev, farmer, miner, politician, soldier, statesman, and writer, began to woo the West with smiles, tourists, and delegations, Elliott B. Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton & Co., had an intriguing idea. Churchill had penned his memoirs: so had Eisenhower; and both had become best-sellers. Why not Khrushchev?

A few days ago, during an interview in his book-lined office on New York's Park Avenue South, Macrae, energetic, intelligent, and grey-haired, told a story of excitement and frustration: how Dutton became the first American firm to publish Nikita S. Khrushchev in the United States. In the salad days of the Geneva Spirit, Macrae began, he dropped Khrushchev a note suggesting that if he, Khrushchev, would write his autobiography, he, Macrae, would be delighted to publish it. Khrushchev, who must have been busy preparing his historic attack against Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress in February, 1956, did not answer. Undaunted, Macrae asked the Soviet Embassy in Washington for a tourist visa to Russia. He received his visa in May, 1956, and within a week he was in Moscow.

From his hotel, overlooking Red Square, Macrae called Khrushchev. No answer. He called again. Still no answer. Finally, Khrushchev's secretary returned his call. No, Mr. Khrushchev would not see Mr. Macrae—contract or no contract. Despondent, Macrae went to see United States Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen. "Chip told me that Khrushchev was probably too involved to see anyone. Perhaps, he said, the Soviet Foreign Ministry could help."

Macrae tried, but he could not find a Soviet official who was bold enough to commit Khrushchev to writing his autobiography. Soon Macrae's visa expired, and he was forced to return to New York, contract unsigned.

In 1957 Macrae did get a Soviet author, but it was not Khrushchev. It was Vladimir Dudintsev, author of "Not by Bread Alone," an unorthodox novel that excited Russian intellectuals during the hectic time of the Hungarian revolution. In the fall Dutton published Dudintsev. A few months later Dutton published Marek Hlasko, a young Polish rebel who described the frustration of life in Warsaw in "The Eighth Day of the Week."

Macrae's interest in "curtain" literature boomed in 1958. He discovered that the Russians had just published an English-language edition of Stalin's, Roosevelt's, and Churchill's wartime correspondence. After an involved exchange between Macrae and Moscow, Dutton obtained exclusive rights to publish this Soviet version of the correspondence in the United States. The Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow had only one proviso: no tampering! Through a process called photo-offset, Dutton finally published the correspondence in the fall of 1958.

Six months later, as the Soviet Union celebrated Khrushchev's sixty-fifth birthday, Moscow published a mammoth, though carefully edited collection of his major speeches, pronouncements, and interviews of 1958. This bulky book was translated into many foreign languages, including English, and it was titled "For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism."

Macrae asked the Am-Rus Literary and Music Agency, official representative of the Foreign Languages Publishing House in New York, for permission to publish "Victory." In October, 1959, after Khrushchev's triumphant tour of the United States, Moscow said "yes."

The Dutton contract was signed by the Soviet commercial attaché in Washington on behalf of the FLPH. It stipulated that royalties would be paid to the FLPH in Moscow—not to Khrushchev himself. It further stipulated that Dutton had to publish "Victory" exactly as it had appeared in Moscow. No introductions. No editing. No refinement. "Victory" is 784 pages of virgin Khrushchev—thanks once again to photo-offset.

"There was a clear understanding," Macrae said, "that there would be no changes, and there haven't been any in this book whatsoever."

Did Khrushchev get an advance? Well, the contract says he can ask for one, but we don't think he will."

Did Macrae think Khrushchev would sell? "Absolutely. Our first printing is 15,000, and we have already had to distribute about 40,000 circulars on this book."

What about the Chairman's next book? "Oh, we have an option on Khrushchev's next book; presumably, it will be his autobiography."

So, Nikita S. Khrushchov (that is how Khrushchev is spelled in "Victory"), who leads a government that is not signatory to the international copyright convention, has an American publisher.

—Marvin L. Kalb.

2. State of the Unions

By Victor Riesel, *nationally syndicated newspaper columnist*

HIS ENEMIES called him "Bobby," as though being young were as heinous a crime as those with which they etched their terror on the people of the land. Soon his enemies called him other names, as lewd as their philosophy that the public be damned and that every dues-payer is a sucker to be looted in turn. This "Bobby," Robert F. Kennedy, chief counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field, couldn't be reached, couldn't be tempted, couldn't be stopped in his drive to rip open at the seams an ugly "Thing."

That "Thing," it seems to me, was and is the American prototype of old-fashioned Fascism—the mélange of muscle, terror, and fire by night; the breakdown and corruption of law and order; the smirking disdain for civil liberties and due process; the merging of crooked elements that seized some unions, and then tying them to those who were corrupt inside management.

There are those of us who took seriously, therefore, the statement of a shocked committee chairman, Senator John McClellan, that this nation was threatened by a gangster economy. This is the sordid story Robert Kennedy tells swiftly, in journalese style in his book, **"The Enemy Within"** (Harper, $3.95).

The book—a skilful weaving of the more dramatic moments of the thirty-month saga of his committee, its probes, and the dangers of seeking out the enemy within—if you'll permit me the phrase—is mainly about James Riddle Hoffa. Kennedy did what came naturally. Jimmy Hoffa is most of the challenge.

Still Kennedy's "bio-pic"—as *Variety* would put it—is far more than the story or just another full-length piece about Hoffa. It is to the Sixties in fast, anecdotal style what the profundities of the Stracheys and their roads-to-power, their democracy-at-the-crossroads volumes were to the prewar decades. For this is the story of the coming to power of a man many consider second only to those who can command vast government forces, such as the President of the U.S. or J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI.

The story is told by a man who at thirty-two started a unique quest. He wanted to seek out underworld forces mulcting the Government purchasing divisions and looting unions. A pleasant

(*Continued on page* 30)

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FICTION

There Will Always Be an English Novel

From "Gulliver's Travels" to "Lucky Jim" England's Fiction Is a Timeless Thing. SR Selects for Review Five New Novels Which Continue this Literary Sequence.

By HUBERT SAAL

THE ENGLISH novel has never faltered. It's a broad river fed endlessly by myriad sources, from commonplace streams of polished storytelling to frequent enough tributaries of major contributions. Since the war there have been Kingsley Amis and John Braine and now the strong current of Keith Waterhouse, author of **"Billy Liar"** (Norton, $3.95).

This is a brilliant novel, in language fresh and sweet, with characters vivid and singular in an inventive and dynamic story. It teems, it bursts with originality. Thanks to the protagonist, Billy Fisher, who makes the ordinary exotic, the familiar new. What *we* miss, Billy, marvelously selective, sees. He can't help himself; he's a creature of Zen or a magical instrument through which the world must appear truthfully. Billy's heart rebels against life's clichés, all the stock actions, emotions, and language. "Everyone I knew spoke in clichés," Billy says. "But Rita spoke as though she got her words out of a slot machine . . ."

The story occupies one decisive day in the labyrinth of Billy's life, the day he tries to escape from Stradhoughton, a mill town in Yorkshire, and go to London to be a writer. Stradhoughton is no place for Billy. He is a bright butterfly newly emerged from the chrysalis and lost in a world of dull moths unused to sunshine. His liveliness is smothered, his curiosity throttled, his wit mocked, and his clear sight called madness. His parents are unloving and unreceptive. When the word Billy needs most, love, pops up unexpectedly in his mother's speech Billy thinks, "I had never heard her say it before and it sounded strange on her lips . . . as if the word had just been invented like Terylene."

Manly though he is, childishness still clings to Billy like bits of lint which he is forever trying to brush off. He daydreams; not ordinary dreams but hilarious and ingenious fantasies like that of his country Ambrosia, where his subjects salute left-handed. He calls this voluntary fantasy "number one thinking." Number two thinking is involuntary and concerned with desperate measures for desperate situations—like what he would do if he found a lighted firecracker in his ear.

As in his two worlds of daydreams, Billy is torn between hopes and fears. He needs and wants help from someone in the mysterious world of adulthood. But there is no one to comfort him, or to tell him that he is true and Stradhoughton false.

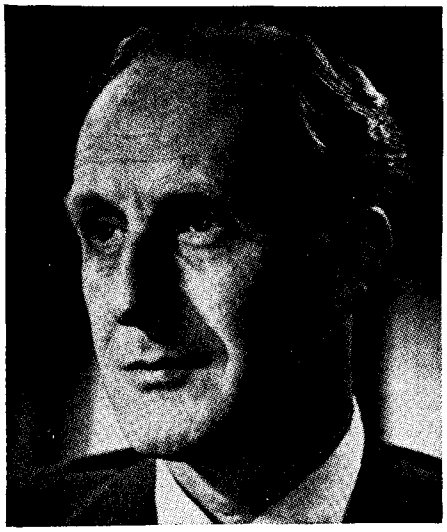
By the dawn of Billy's big day he is entangled in a net of his intriguing deceit. His fantasies have got out of hand. He has spiced his life with whopping imaginative lies, some minor mischief, and even a little embezzlement. He is very hard on the postage stamps of the funeral parlor where he works. He has also got himself engaged to two girls at once, neither of whom he cares a fig about.

Rita is one, the other, Barbara, whom Billy calls "The Witch." She is, rather. He hates her. But she repels him so much she attracts him. Even the aphrodisiacs he slips her succumb to her icy charms. There is a third girl, Liz, bright, dear, and just right for Billy. But she is real and Billy is afraid of that.

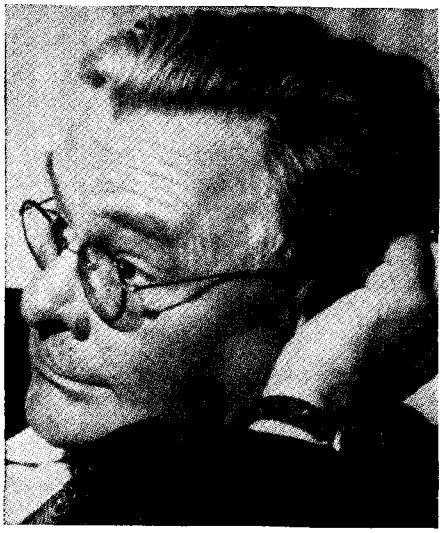
By the end of his eventful day, all the stray ends of Billy's deceits curl up around him. But even when he breaks away his own fears subdue him. He might fail in London, he might starve. The dreams and lies which were a barrier between him and Stradhoughton have become a barrier between him and life. Late at night, awaiting the London train without hope, he begins to daydream. "I tried hard to shut it down and find myself, myself, but not knowing what to do for characteristics." Poor wonderful Billy has been too long at the fair to distinguish now between real life and the midway.

A different corner of England—Kent—

Keith Waterhouse—A strong current.



John Goldthorpe—Kindly and wise.



Raymond Postgate—The grand scale.

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turns out to be as deadly for the hero of physician John Goldthorpe's novel, **"The Summer of Desire"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95), as Yorkshire was for Billy Fisher. Dr. Goldthorpe's Martin Dexter is a civil administrator in the country health department, a capable, temperate man, middle-aged, married, and a father. Only two things resist this description: he is a convert to Catholicism, and, under a pseudonym, a moderately successful novelist.

Still, he's hardly the man to fall in love with a sexy, semi-juvenile delinquent baggage who is also the niece of his parish priest. But Martin does, gripped by a force he has never known. First, sinful thoughts and then sinful intentions tyrannize him, putting his faith to great tests. Everything he is rejects temptation—and at the same time conspires against him by making the forbidden fruit seem sweeter.

Dr. Goldthorpe's novel is a fine example of the apparently inexhaustible first-class fiction England produces. By no means has it the striking verve of "Billy Liar"; it's nevertheless meaningful, talented, and engrossing.

If there is an important flaw in the book it is in Jansy, the girl. In the novel Martin is writing he has trouble depicting his heroine and he hangs Jansy's picture up for inspiration. Dr. Goldthorpe seems to have had the same problem. Not only is Jansy an unlikely creature to uncover in a quiet English country town, especially as the niece and housekeeper of the local priest, but she is never seen clearly, and, apart from some juicy descriptions of her charms, Martin's early attachment is never quite believable.

Still, Dr. Goldthorpe has written a kindly and wise book about the im-

(*Continued on page* 31)

A Desperate Detour to Destruction

"Ourselves to Know," by John O'Hara *(Random House. 408 pp. $4.95), is another of the author's realistic portrayals of passionate events that occur beneath the placid exterior of small-town life. Critic David Boroff, who teaches English at Brooklyn College, frequently comments on American manners and morals in various magazines.*

By David Boroff

JOHN O'HARA, for some time now, has had an ambiguous status in American letters. At the age of fifty-five, he is regarded, somewhat implausibly, as the grand old man of social realism. But realism has been unmodish of late—so rapidly do literary fashions obsolesce. (By no means extinct, it flourishes in the dingy sub-literature of paperbacks.) Certainly O'Hara has been his own man, disdainful of the ukases of the literary mandarins, stubbornly creating his own body of work. He has been indifferent to what has been described as "the symbolist adventure" of our time, preferring to follow his own course of painstaking and acute social documentation.

His latest novel, "Ourselves to Know," does not open new vistas, but it puts a seal on the author's extraordinary knowledge of the social topography of small-town Pennsylvania—that well-chosen country of his middle age. This is a shapelier novel than its recent predecessors—not even half as long as "From the Terrace"—written with economy and austere control.

We meet Robert Milhouser in 1927, an old man with the commanding dignity of the doomed, enduring a death-in-life some twenty years after he has murdered his nineteen-year-old wife. The novel is a penetrating reconstruction of the crime and of the circumstances that precipitated it, as told by Gerald Higgins, a young man who is fascinated by Milhouser's mortuary calm.

Why did Robert Milhouser kill his beautiful young wife? He had come to love late in life. Earlier he had been emotionally maimed by his mother, a charming but dominating woman. Liberated by her death, he was caught up at the age of fifty-one in a tempestuous love affair with a wilful eighteen-year-old schoolgirl, "his lifelong loneliness changed into an angry thing."

Life glowed for him but all too briefly. His young wife, whose curious sexual pathology O'Hara probes with clinical sobriety, betrays and humiliates him. Milhouser feels a simple, irrevocable obligation to destroy her. He does so with the heavy recognition that in her death he has entombed his own life. However, he is given only a light sentence (O'Hara anatomizes small-town justice with mordant skill) and the broken man lives out his curious twilight existence in the "comfortable monastery" of his large house.

Again, O'Hara projects a bleak and desperate vision of life's emptiness and moral anarchy, redeemed only by the calm courage with which his heroes face their destruction. Milhouser is a decent man, epitomizing all that is viable in upper-class America. But in the end, life's implacable malevolence—embodied in a woman—triumphs. Only a woman can dispel the grayness that suffuses existence, but in the end she crushes life's frail joys.

O'Hara captures the stark and terrible beauty of the sexual drama. In his universe, it is sex alone which can irradiate and fulfill. Yet love, like friendship, always fails. And in the failure of love there is destruction. There is a chilling coda in the last sentence of the book, when Gerald Hig-

(*Continued on page* 29)

Dave Wallis—Wayward words.

John Bowen—Accurate observations.

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Science in Politics

EDITOR'S NOTE: *C. Northcote Parkinson, author of the following guest editorial, is now teaching political science at the University of Illinois. Professor Parkinson, who is widely known for his best-selling "Parkinson's Law," is also the author of "The Law and the Profits," published this month.*

THOSE OF US who think that scientific method is applicable to political problems are apt to be told, rather sharply, that we are talking "Scientism" and that this heresy was destroyed by William H. Whyte in "The Organization Man." It is a question, however, whether Scientism and Science are exactly the same thing. To Whyte, Scientism is the belief that with the same techniques that have worked in the physical sciences we can eventually create an exact science of man. Selecting as opponents the less inspired "social engineers" who had manifestly claimed too much, Whyte easily routed his chosen victims, showing that ethical concepts cannot be measured and that a "science of man" cannot work in the way some enthusiasts suppose. He was able to show the absurdity of identifying "good" with equilibrium and harmony, and "bad" with frustration and tension. Easy victims of his sword were such physical scientists as had strayed from their laboratories—as nuns might stray from the cloister, as curates might enter a bar for the first time—proving themselves to be as naïve as such visitors often are. Looking about the stricken field, Whyte concluded firmly that policy can never be scientific and that the contribution of social science to policy-making can never go beyond staff work.

That "The Organization Man" was an effective assault on "scientism" need not be questioned. It would, however, be matter for regret if Whyte were thought to have overthrown some opponents he did not even attack. For scientific method did not perish with "Scientism"—the weakness of which is indeed that it is not scientific at all. It is clear, moreover, that "Scientism" grew up in that specially American atmosphere for which the Pilgrim Fathers are often held to blame. It was seized as a gospel by those who had lost the Protestant ethic, by those in search of a new ideal. But the fact that a chisel has been used as a screwdriver is no proof, in itself, that chisels are useless. And Whyte, in conceding that scientific method is applicable to staff work, has conceded all that a true scientist should want. In denying that scientific method can be applied to "policy" he has done no disservice to those whose approach is really scientific. He has merely reminded us, and very properly, that political and ethical problems are better studied apart.

What is the distinction, after all, between policy and staff work? It is the distinction, surely, between the object and the means. To construct a "science of man," with distinctions to be drawn between the good and the bad, would be a problem of aim. To decide on the procedure to be followed in an assembly is a problem of method. It is to problems which are thus narrowly political that the scientific method should be applied. Political organization is not an end in itself but merely the framework within which human purposes (whether moral, intellectual, or even merely convivial) can be fulfilled. The ultimate aims of society may be ethical or esthetic but the problems of organization are neither. To politics in this strict and secular sense the principles of scientific research are entirely applicable. More than that, the time has come when they ought to be applied.

For what, after all, is the alternative? History shows us no progress in politics which is even remotely comparable with recent progress in science. It shows us, rather, a sequence in which one form of rule replaces another, not as an improvement but merely as a consequence. The range of choice is between the rule of the one, the few, and the many. In most organized societies of which we have record there is monarchy at first, which creates a nobility by a biological process if by no other. The nobility becomes too strong for the king and eventually seizes power. By natural increase, by diffusion and dilution of its prestige, the ruling aristocracy has to share its power with a widening circle of people. After a certain point in this process the form of rule comes to be called democracy. This leads to socialism, the movement through which the poor despoil the rich, gradually bringing about a state of chaos. People turn then to dictatorship as a means of ending the chaos. And dictatorship may in time become monarchy, thus completing the cycle and starting the sequence afresh.

It would be misleading to describe this sequence as invariable, but far less so than it would be to trace any pattern of genuine progress in politics. As compared at least with the natural sciences, the stagnation in political ideas would seem to be complete. But the effect of scientific achievement is to endow the old political treadmill with a new capacity for destruction. Recurring periods of political chaos seem decreasingly attractive when associated with a high level of technical skill. In so far as science has created a new peril, we are not unreasonable in turning to science for a new remedy.

In applying scientific method it is the first step which proves to be the most difficult. It is a step which the prophets of Scientism have not even attempted. Whyte describes their position with some accuracy:

> . . . If ethics is to be scientized, some specific people will have to do it, and some specific people are going to have to see to it the ethics are applied to society. Who, then, is to be in charge? Being most of them democratically

(*Continued on page* 37)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SACRIFICE PLAY?

THE TONE OF John Ciardi's "Epitaph for the Dead Beats" [*SR*, Feb. 6] is quite disappointing. Although Mr. Ciardi is obviously capable of profound and logical criticism, in this attack on the beatniks he descends to a rather crude insult and mockery. His tone throughout is one of a wiser and older man who feels called upon to ridicule the stupid young fools about him. In fact, he is so anxious to mock the beatniks that he crouches on all fours to bite them with their own special words and phrases.

I think if one considers the capability Mr. Ciardi has demonstrated in this own poetry and in his translation of the "Inferno," one might be compelled to conclude that in this particular article Mr. Ciardi has sacrificed his usual superb craftsmanship for a less worthy indulgence in cheap word play.

The beatniks present a highly interesting aspect of our modern social life, an aspect which might prove very revealing in terms of the inadequacies of the society against which the beatniks are rebelling, as well as in terms of the personalities of the beatniks themselves. Mockery and ridicule do not discover or enlighten, nor do they convince; rather, they tend to confirm opinions already held.

BRUCE WATSON.

Cleveland, O.

MUSIC AND MORES

JOHN CIARDI'S "Epitaph for the Dead Beats" is on the whole well done, I thought, but one factor constantly annoyed me. It was the fact that he used the "beatnik" and the jazz musician almost interchangeably. This is one concept that is hurting jazz musicians more today than anything else. Unfortunately, it is quite untrue.

Most jazz musicians today are clean, honest, hardworking fellows. It seems to me that the way the papers sensationalize every case of a jazz musician violating the law, it might be a good idea if someone wrote an article about a clean, honest jazz musician.

It might interest you to know that I am fifteen years old, a very avid fan of your magazine, and also a very avid jazz fan.

RANDY GREENE.

Manhasset, N. Y.

REAL SICK, LIKE?

BY WAY OF marginal note to Mr. Ciardi's devastating "Epitaph for the Dead Beats" I should like to observe that striving to make a virtue out of schizophrenia is the principal element in the beats' compound of absurdities and it is combined in its lowest state of valence. Like I mean, man, real ineffable.

C. A. MILLSPAUGH.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You can stick here in this dinky village if you want to, Herr Kant, but I intend to travel and make something of myself."

LIVING AS COMMUNICATION

"WHAT EVERY Yale Freshman Should Know," by Edmund S. Morgan of Yale [*SR*, Jan. 23], is one of the best messages to students I have ever read. It would be a great boon to education if every faculty member would take this point of view and every student respond to it.

A question came to my mind, however, when I read the statement "Now there are only two methods of communication for scholars, writing and speaking." Is there not a third method equally important—one's mode of living?

In my experience as a student and in subsequent years of close association with university life I have been impressed by this means of communication exercised by every faculty member, whether he is conscious of it or not. The ideas of many teachers are supported or contradicted by their mode of life. This is especially true in courses where human values are concerned.

JOHN D. W. FETTER.

Ithaca, N. Y.

HISTORY'S VERDICT?

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "The Box Score Is the Thing" [*SR*, Jan. 30] hit the bull's-eye, but how many people, in this atmosphere of apathy, would find the time to tune in on that special announcement to hear what Mr. Khrushchev had to say?

Parlor conversation, with a good segment of the natives in this neck of the woods, veers more toward comparison of psychiatrists, doping of horse races, and the sex habits of movie stars.

They consult accountants, lawyers, and investment counselors about trust funds and stock portfolios so that their wives and children will have perpetual security. In their smug minds their futures are happily and satisfactorily assured. They will spend days to accomplish this, but won't take five minutes out to write or wire their Senators or Representatives to protest against fallout which can make cripples out of their secure children, or the hydrogen bomb which can make confetti out of their portfolios.

What will that surviving historian have to say about this breed?

ALAN LIPSCOTT.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SENSE

THIS NOTE is intended to offer a brief but resonant thanks for "A Mythology for Grownups" [*SR*, Jan. 23]. Not only did I find the substantive features of this article intriguing and worth while, but I felt enormously proud to have a representative of my profession display the literacy and concern for human values that Henry A. Murray so genuinely reflects.

For some reason or other, the general intellectual press doesn't seem to realize that these attributes are relatively widespread among clinical psychologists. While it is true that few of us possess these desirable traits as visibly or as learnedly as Dr. Murray, it is also true that most of us are sincerely bent in these directions. As one member of the psychological fraternity, I am in your debt for informing your readership that a psychologist at least occasionally thinks in these terms.

EDWARD JOSEPH SHOBEN, JR., PH.D.,
Columbia University.

New York, N. Y.

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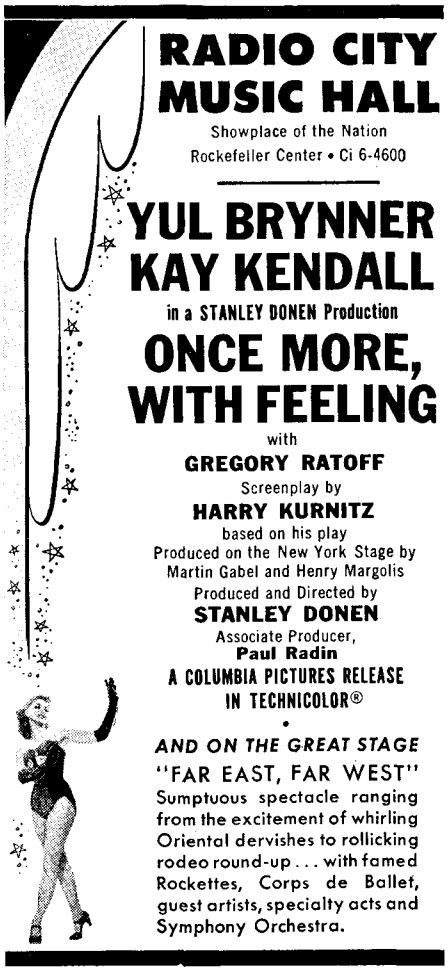

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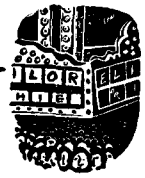

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Hubert Cornfield Makes a Ripple

WHO IS Hubert Cornfield? This question, it must be confessed, is not at the moment agitating very many people. Nevertheless, I have marked the name down in the little book I keep of names worthy of attention. Hubert Cornfield's name caught my attention because I saw it prominently displayed among the screen credits for a superior crime melodrama, "**The Third Voice.**" Mr. Cornfield co-produced the movie with Maury Dexter. Mr. Cornfield directed the movie, and wrote its screenplay. Those are a lot of screen credits, and they serve to indicate that "The Third Voice" is pretty much Mr. Cornfield's picture, one made with skill and an obvious knowledge of screen techniques. The story isn't much beyond standard crime fare, telling as it does of a man who becomes involved in a plot to murder another man and to assume his identity—mostly over the telephone—in order to get hold of his fortune. But the way it is told is tricky and absorbing. There is freshness in the handling of the camera, and the sound track is used with originality.

Therefore I checked on Hubert Cornfield, and came up with the following facts: that he is approximately thirty-one years of age, that he has made two previous pictures, and that he is the son of Albert Cornfield, who happens to be in charge of all European operations for Twentieth Century-Fox. Young Mr. Cornfield obviously made a happy choice of a father, and I suppose he is going to have to live that fact down, but there have been a good many other sons of other strategically placed filmland fathers who have had the same chances and haven't done nearly so well. Hubert Cornfield's beginnings were modest. He made a movie called "Lure of the Swamps," which most everyone at Fox would rather forget. Next he made "Plunder Road," which someone at Fox describes as "a grade B 'Asphalt Jungle.'"

"The Third Voice," however, is very close to grade A. And Edmond O'Brien turns in a grade A performance as the man who takes over the identity of a Seattle businessman on a fishing holiday in Mexico. O'Brien is coached by the businessman's secretary (Laraine Day) and uses a tape recorder to help him ape mannerisms of the man's voice. He has been chosen by the vindictive secretary because he rather resembles her rich employer to begin with. O'Brien handles the two voices—his own and the victim's—most convincingly. As for the third voice, well, that would be telling, and it would be unfair to Mr. Cornfield to divulge anything further. But, if you should see the movie, you'll be kept guessing for quite a while, and you should have several nice chills during the process. Laraine Day is fine, and so is Julie London as another other woman. One further note: Mr. Cornfield, I hear, has devoted himself to studying French film techniques, and for all we know he may well be the first ripple in an American "New Wave." If for no other reason, we ought to keep an eye on him.

ANOTHER above-average crime film is "**Chance Meeting,**" made in England by a group—so I learn from *The New York Times*—who began to have tough sledding in Hollywood several years ago when the Un-American Activities Committee moved in to purify the industry. I hesitate to name names, but I think I should, if only to point out that Joseph Losey, who directed "Chance Meeting," and Ben Barzman and Millard Lampell, who wrote the screenplay, have made a modest but tightly constructed chiller that doesn't give its gimmick away until about ten minutes from its close. Meanwhile, Hardy Kruger, as a young Dutch artist making his way in London art circles, and Micheline Presle, as a fashionable woman who visits his studio to serve the causes of art and love, keep one interested and guessing. A mysterious young woman is murdered, and the artist falls under suspicion. Stalwart members of Scotland Yard move in—among them Stanley Baker and Robert Flemyng—and the mystery is unraveled, but not before Mr. Losey has demonstrated a flair for telling detail and for obtaining good performances from all concerned. As for social content—hardly enough for the American Legion to get concerned about. Paramount has taken the courageous step of sponsoring the film's showing here, and it wouldn't be a bad idea at all for Paramount and Fox to get together and show "Chance Meeting" and "The Third Voice" as a package. They'd make for an unusually good bill of suspense. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Light Is Light Enough

THE USE of verse in our theatre presents problems. Sir John Gielgud's recital of Shakespeare offered one brilliant solution by accepting the artificiality of the situation and moving back and forth from a sincere and artless exposition to separate flights of poetry consciously experienced but with no attempt to achieve literal illusion. T. S. Eliot in his recent verse plays has arrived at another ingenious way of surmounting the inevitable difficulties. By inventing a rhythmic but non-rhyming verse style that captures the quality of drawing room conversation aptly and economically, he has succeeded in making his audience unaware that the dialogue contains the artificial mechanism of verse. Archibald MacLeish and Christopher Fry have been less successful because in viewing their recent plays one is conscious that "poets" are at work. Arthur Miller in "A View from the Bridge" found patterns of realistic dialogue that lent themselves to a poetic economy and rhythm, and it is very probable that the immediate future of verse in our theatre will be one in which the playwright moves from prose to verse only at moments when it can seem appropriate to some heightened emotional or intellectual state onstage. One recalls how Emlyn Williams with his marvelous "Dylan Thomas Growing Up" restrained himself from using anything but Thomas's prose until the very end of the program when our own emotions about this great poet's premature death cried out for that unforgettable poem "And Death Shall Have No Dominion."

Two other modern poets recently had their works exhibited in the theatre in partially effective ways. The first, Edna St. Vincent Millay, was represented by actress Dorothy Stickney, who selected some of her favorite stanzas and strung them together chronologically with excerpts from the late poetess's letters. Titled "**A Lovely Light,**" the result was a special hymn to Miss Millay's sweetness winningly mixed with bursts of quick humor. Miss Stickney is herself a fine combination of tenacity and vulnerability of the spirit, and she thus can be little-girlish without seeming coy, innocent without seeming stupid, and can dare attempt, and once or twice achieve, a communion between herself, the audience, and the soul of a woman she never knew.

But the most dramatic parts of the program turned out to be from Miss Millay's less ethereal letters. This included the slightly satirical one about her disappointment at not being allowed to sit at her graduation from Vassar, her apt comparison of lecturing to midwestern ladies and prostitution ("I kept saying to myself, 'Never mind. It's $150' "), and a welcome outburst of vituperation against a cultural society that had censured her friend Elinor Wylie for some breach of decorum in her personal life.

It is therefore unfortunate that the Millay estate has not given its permission for a performance of her "Conversation at Midnight." That work is far more dramatic than any selection of sweet sentiment tastefully spiced with a dash of bitters could be. However, if we must have such a selection, it is hard to imagine anyone better suited to perform it than Miss Stickney.

Miss Millay describes New York as a place where "you can see the noise." Another poet, Langston Hughes, whose "**Shakespeare in Harlem**" has been mounted at the Forty-first Street Theatre, refers to the city as a chocolate custard pie with Harlem on the bottom. In a series of rich mouthfuls director Robert Glenn and his actors offer us a taste of Harlem reality as it was fifteen years ago. The cast is fine, with John McCurry and Alma Hubbard emerging as the most memorable. Since almost everything is in rhymed couplets, there is no illusion of real speech, but rather a conscious presentation of each soliloquy or duet as a sort of "number." However, the characters and situations are deadly real, and the result is a freer, truer, and more genuinely humorous picture of a wide assortment of Harlem types than a more pretentious or socially militant poet might offer.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nilsson in "Fidelio" and "Walkure"—Cliburn

WHAT HAD BEEN merely a new production of "Fidelio" became a revival of Beethoven with the first appearance of Birgit Nilsson in the title role, during a week in which she also sang Brünnhilde in "Walküre" at the Metropolitan for the first time. Any singer capable of the kind of Isolde she has been singing could be presumed to have the resources for these companionate roles of the German dramatic soprano. But the question remained: How would they be applied, how organized?

As of a few minutes past her first Leonore the answer is: In a mounting climax of artistry, imagination, and dramatic projection, progressing from a first-class Brünnhilde to a truly memorable Leonore. Having shown herself successively as Princess (Isolde), goddess (Brünnhilde), and mortal wife (Leonore), there can be little question that Nilsson, first and foremost, identifies herself with the human aspects of the characters she portrays. Fortunately for the latest, she has a trim figure to complement her strongly defined face, so it was less of a problem than usual to accept her as Fidelio before she was revealed as Leonore.

In addition to being able to mold her big sound to the needs of the canon quartet and the beginning of the dungeon ensemble (her comprehension of "Abscheulicher!" is a matter of record), Nilsson commanded a firm, low-pitched speaking voice for the German dialogue, and moved about the stage as a ranking singing actress should. Intent as she was on Leonore's problem, she nevertheless respected her dramatic surroundings, overplaying neither her hand nor the role.

For those who may care for some freehand comparisons with the two great Leonores of recent times, it would go somewhat like this: for superlative beauty of sound, Flagstad remains supreme; for wifely heartache and warmth of emotion, Lehmann (who did not sing it in New York) was unequaled, especially in such moments as "Komm' Hoffnung." As of now, however, Nilsson is a more credible figure of a Fidelio than either, while performing throughout with more intensity than Flagstad, a surer command of the high vocal drama of "Abscheulicher" and the surging release of "O namenlose Freude" than Lehmann. In totality it becomes another powerful portrait to be treasured with her predecessors', drawn—as is true of any great part—to the strong and the weak points of the individual artists.

It was, otherwise, an afternoon of fulfillment for Jon Vickers, whose highly successful Siegmund (see below) provided him with the assurance to excel his previously good Florestan by a substantial margin. In its own way, this was as much superior to the average, laboring tenor's performance as Nilsson's in the soprano category. Together with Hermann Uhde as Pizzarro and Oskar Czerwenka as Rocco, they gave conductor Karl Böhm the means to carry the dungeon scene to a really dramatic fulfillment. Fortified by their previous experiences and the stimulus of Nilsson's supercharged effort, Laurel Hurley as Marzelline and Charles Anthony as Jacquino were both better than before. Nothing, alas, can be done about the Metropolitan's present horn section, but Böhm drove on, despite their shortcomings, to mold a "Fidelio" faithful to the spirit of Beethoven if not to the letter.

His driving command (after a somewhat lethargic first act) was also a formative element of the first "Walküre" in several years, with only Irene Dalis (Fricka) and Dezso Ernster (Hunding) in familiar roles. Considering the magnitude of his undertaking, first mention should go to Jerome Hines, whose initial Wotan was imposing in size, and substantially promising in sound. He is, of course, a bass rather than the baritone wanted for this music, and for some moments at the beginning of Act II his tones were out of focus. However he improved as he progressed, pronouncing his monologue-recitation of days gone by with dramatic poise and a cumulative effect on "Das Ende!" and dominating the scene as a Wotan should in the Hunding-Siegmund duel. And, in the third act, warmth of feeling came to the surface as he fought the age-old battle of godly pride vs. paternal protectiveness, finally giving in to Brünnhilde's plea as all Wotans must, but as some do better than others. With so good a start, Hines should master it completely in time.

As practically all the other principals in "Walküre" are his relatives, Hines-Wotan could pride himself on the stalwart physique of son Siegmund as portrayed by Jon Vickers, the good-looking daughter Sieglinde of Aase Nordmo-Loevberg, and the handsomely vigorous half-sister Brünnhilde of Nilsson. Vickers suits the requirements of Siegmund to the proverbial T (for tenor): with the rich middle and low register to give us the dejection of Act I, the powerful top to ride out the cries of "Wälse'," and ample baritonal reserve for the rejection of Brünnhilde's bid to Valhalla in Act II. One shortcoming Vickers will conquer (as he learns the house) is a tendency to leave the voice insufficiently supported in softer passages, such as "Schwester! Geliebte" of Act II.

Nilsson's young Brünnhilde is a thoroughly sound accomplishment, a little inclined to vocal stress considering the power she has in such abundance. From the easily mastered battle cry (sung with clean precision rather than the swooping *portamento* sometimes employed) she had the vocal means for a qualified Brünnhilde. Plainly her plan is to emphasize the daughterly relation to Wotan, which she does very well in their scenes together. A darker sound would give even greater effect to the weight she summoned for the "Announcement of Death." She passed with high credit the great moment early in Act III when she foretells Siegfried's birth, though where she got the pieces of Nothung to pass on to Sieglinde must remain her secret, as she made no effort to recover them after the duel at the end of Act II.

In this same climactic moment, Nordmo-Loevberg summoned all her power to answer Brünnhilde, but what preceded was in her by-now familiar pattern of eager but inept effort. She presents an appealing picture, and the audience is plainly for her, assets any singer would prize. But she has only a rudimentary knowledge of how this part should be sung, expending physical effort rather than finesse. Such notable opportunities as "Der Männer Sippe" or "Du bist der Lenz" were swallowed up in the orchestral background they should dominate. This was no fault of Böhm, whose effort, if conservative where the eloquence of Act I is concerned, is always directed toward his singers' welfare. Completing the cast was a sizable but vocally murky Hunding by Ernster, a vividly dramatic Fricka by Dalis, and some uncommonly adept Valkyries.

IN a week of busy orchestral activity (framed by a parentheses of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overtures, one beginning the Cleveland Orchestra's concert on Monday, the other the Minneapolis Orchestra's visit on Sunday), a special interest attached to the farewell appearance of the Moscow State Symphony in Madison Square Garden at a Sunday matinee. Doubtless some of the attendants were attracted by the orchestra, more by its two conductors, Kiril Kondrashin and Konstantin Ivanov, and violin soloist Valerii Klimov. But it is not risking contradiction to suppose that a substantial percentage of the 16,000 were lured by the first appearance here

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

gins, overseas in the Navy, contemplates the old man's death in 1943 and remarks: "I often tried to think of things like that to take my mind off Frances [his own wife] and the stories that had got back to me."

John O'Hara is a major writer working in the grand tradition of the novel. He has a compelling sense of how the present issues from the past, and he lays bare, with stunning accuracy, the fabric of society.

I am at a loss to understand how his work can be dismissed by critics as "phono-photographic," or its tough, solid bulk characterized as "elephantiasis." His novels are not random exercises in fact-grubbing but, rather, cunningly contrived mosaics of fact and insight, the prose always judicious and neat. In the end he creates a cosmos which is no less a world of the imagination for illuminating our own society so mercilessly.

John O'Hara, egregiously undervalued by many critics, is, in my judgment, among the few great writers of our time.

Tribute to a Canning Tycoon

"The Lincoln Lords," by Cameron Hawley *(Little, Brown. 556 pp. $5), presents a sympathetic view of the world of big business and corporations. Novelist Sloan Wilson's books include "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" and "The Summer Place."*

By Sloan Wilson

IN "THE LINCOLN LORDS," Cameron Hawley has painted a frankly admiring portrait of the kind of American businessman who long has been a target for novelists such as Sinclair Lewis, John P. Marquand, and a lengthy list of first-rate writers extending from Frank Norris down to Jerome Weidman. Mr. Hawley is almost as full of praise for his president of a small canning company as Horatio Alger might have been, and although one is not apt to learn much about humanity in his pages, there is much fascinating information about corporations.

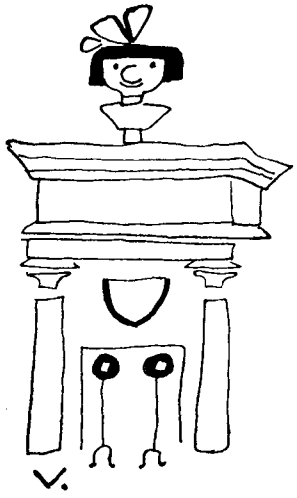
In the opinion of this observer, Mr. Hawley's effort deserves more respect than it is likely to get, and the weaknesses of his book give more than its author cause to mourn. Why is it so hard, so seemingly impossible, to present a successful businessman as a decent and interesting human being? Why is it so much easier to achieve the ring of truth in a novel by sneering, rather than by praising? There is something fundamentally false in the spectacle of this great industrial nation erupting into print almost every other month with a breast-beating novel apparently written to express blanket contempt for the kind of men who, regardless of their faults, direct our destiny, and who built our tradition.

One of the great tragedies is that novels generally have to be written by novelists, a thin-skinned breed which the personnel men of great corporations recognize on sight, and escort quickly to the door. The result is that few novelists know anything about business, and most of them are vindictive toward it. Neither businessmen nor writers are much hurt by this antagonism, but it is one reason why a more sour literary portrait of America has been painted over and over again than this handsome continent probably deserves. The good writers who have not turned bitter have shown a marked inclination to get preoccupied with bull fights, the thoughts of psychotic Southerners, or refined reflections of academic life. There is really no first-rate writer capable of filling the vacuum of intelligent comment about the kind of men we see all around us, of bridging the strange split between the America in novels and the America we work and fight to defend.

In his two prior books, "Executive Suite" and "Cash McCall," Cameron Hawley demonstrated his unusual understanding of the business world, and his determination to focus his powers as a writer on some of the main currents of American life without descending to cheap cynicism. "The Lincoln Lords" continues on this admirable path, and for this Mr. Hawley deserves to be congratulated, regardless of the weaknesses of his book.

But here is the rub. Despite good intentions, "The Lincoln Lords" is an almost embarrassingly bad novel. The job of proving this can be so easily undertaken that the strengths of the book can be conveniently forgotten. The hero (and that's what he is in the most fatuous sense) never emerges as more than a pasteboard giant outside a movie house, and none of the many characters burst through the confines of print to become flesh-and-blood people. The style is leaden. Throughout the book there is no flash of emotional fire, no quick insights into the nature of men, whether they happen to be corporation executives or not. In the first hundred pages or so, Lincoln Lord is presented as a much more beaten man than the subsequent 400 pages describe, and there is something fundamentally ludicrous in the spectacle of his placing a failing company on its feet in something like four days. The mysterious strength of a real business leader remains as mysterious to the reader at the end of the book as it did at the beginning. Lincoln Lord is not just a stuffed shirt, Mr. Hawley seems to keep saying, no, he's not, he's not, and there's something refreshing in this after all the books which prove the superiority of the sensitive writer over the businessmen, but if it's not straw in Mr. Lord's shirt, what is it? The stethoscope of this observer could detect no heartbeat.

No one should take glee in noting that Mr. Hawley has failed at a job which needs to be done. And it's important to acknowledge that, despite all its weaknesses, "The Lincoln Lords" has some genuine virtues other than intent. If it were a first novel by a youngster



rather than a third novel by a highly competent professional, it would probably be praised to the skies by many critics who are likely to take pride in expressing disdain for it. The book gallops along at a fine pace from one long chapter to another, and it succeeds at being good entertainment without ever having to resort to cheap shock. Emotional excitement it cannot provide, but the reader will get his money's worth in good storytelling, and in a series of reflections, however wavering, of the pretenses, tensions, and absurdities which are so much a part of the fabric of this strange, powerful, idealistic nation that nobody yet has been able to describe.

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Books in the News

1. *Khrushchev*

Continued from page 20

even by the Communists of Yugoslavia.

In particular, he remains certain that in all countries "the people" are on his side in every controversy, and only the small minority of capitalists prevent the majority of nations from achieving power and peace. It will not be long, he says, before every country will try to follow the Soviet pattern. ". . . people from the capitalist countries who visit us will say: So this is Communism; so this is the Soviet system. What simpletons we have been not to have realized it before. This is exactly what the working people need."

Khrushchev's main attacks in this book are directed against the man whom he considered his arch-enemy—the late John Foster Dulles. He deals with his American opponent with sarcasm and venom; he mocks Dulles's religious attachment, his stubbornness, backwardness, and "unreasonableness." "Mr. Dulles likes to refer to God in his speeches. If he is really a pious man, we should recommend under the circumstances that he go to church and pray that God give him, a man in a high post, the patience and intelligence to get his proper bearings in the international situation . . ." And since in Khrushchev's eyes Dulles embodied intransigence to Communism, he counsels him: "They say that before making important decisions the ancient Romans were in the habit of taking a cold shower. Perhaps this should also be recommended to some excessively zealous proponents of the policy of 'brinkmanship.'"

The last speeches contained in the book represent the first shot in the Berlin controversy; they introduce us directly into a discussion of the "free city" project which continues with almost the same arguments down to this day. In these speeches Khrushchev is blunt and his language is ominous; he promises to remain in a waiting position for six months only. "It would be highly undesirable if the governments concerned whom we are addressing were to disagree with our proposals. But I think if things did take such an unwelcome turn, that would not stop us. When the time limit expires, we shall carry into effect our proposals as stated in our documents."

Now that Nikita Khrushchev has been in power for more than five years —which in terms of time is about as long as Lenin ruled the country—it is proper to speak of a "Khrushchev era" in Russia as a distinct period in current history. This book is important testimony on both Russia's foreign policies and the personality of her helmsman during part of that era.

2. *Kennedy*

Continued from page 21

wisp of a fellow, Bob Kennedy walked into a newsman's office in April of '56. They were about to have lunch in the columnist's crucible of a one-man, one-woman city room. What would Kennedy have? The dragon slayer wanted milk and a small sliced-chicken sandwich. It also seemed in context until he suddenly asked what they knew of ten men. Figuratively they picked themselves up off the floor. "Young" Kennedy had asked about the ten most powerful untouchable gangster chiefs.

In two years Kennedy knew all about them and the relationship of some of them with a union that controlled a strategic section of America's means of distribution.

He knew the inner details of their power within the power that could control all the means of distribution of our land—on the highways and inside the cities. He knew soon the plotting of those who wanted to link that power with the means of distribution on rails, on the sea, and in the air. He learned the conspiratorial intimacies of those forces when they met to match their talent, their money, and their power with those of the remaining pro-Soviet forces inside labor.

Robert Kennedy does not refer to the shadowy conspiracy as the march of American Fascism. He merely proves it over and over. He talks, for example, of the most debonair ghost in Hoffa's shadow cabinet. He is the late Edward Cheyfitz. Cheyfitz himself was a novel, a play, an unbelievable movie story line all in one. He is in microcosm the turbulent synthesis of our own battles in the midcentury.

Born in the Midwest to a militant lady who herself led waves of labor people, Cheyfitz went to Moscow's Lenin Institute. He returned to lead a small CIO union. He broke with the Party and betrayed his comrades. He broke with his labor philosophy and sold his talents as a consultant to industrialists contending with the very forces he once led. Then he sold out those industrialists to braintrust Dave Beck. He sold out Beck to launch Hoffa.

Cheyfitz found one or two of the few intellectuals who were willing to be spear carriers in the Hoffa camp. Their strategy was first to destroy Beck by turning him in, by betraying him and his secrets. They took these to some newsmen and soon to Robert Kennedy. That's where his adventure starts.

In the book, you follow young Bob as he grows geometrically older and wiser —always balancing his viewpoint with studies of decent unionism. The book's an adventure. You rip into gun-toting gangsters, pious crooks, weird land deals that took nickels from bootblacks and truck drivers.

You begin to see a new class dealing in billions of dollars. You will also, perhaps, put down the book and mutter something about how long has this been going on and now what? Kennedy's answer is a National Crime Commission, a central depot of information about the criminal world which loots the upper world of $22 billion a year.

But without the whipping up of a new moral force, without the revival of the ability to become indignant and do something about an almost forgotten credo that an injury to one is an injury to all, not all the crime commissions and not all the Senate committees will be of any avail.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CHILDREN'S CORNER, WITH MUSIC

Children's literature has served as the point of departure for many classical compositions. Vera Perlman of New York City lists a group of these and asks you to assign to them the correct composers. Answers on page 33.

1. "Mother Goose Suite"	( ) Coates
2. "The Red Shoes"	( ) Copland
3. "Old King Cole"	( ) Easdale
4. "Cinderella"	( ) Françaix
5. "The Red Pony"	( ) Humperdinck
6. "Hansel and Gretel"	( ) Prokofieff
7. "The Sleeping Beauty"	( ) Ravel
8. "The Three Bears"	( ) Taylor
9. "The Emperor's New Clothes"	( ) Tchaikowsky
10. "Through the Looking-Glass"	( ) Vaughn-Williams

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English Novel

Continued from page 23

perfections of the world and about the deeper hidden abscesses in man's nature. Passions burn in the quiet provinces as well as in the city. Only in the former they are less expected and hotter to handle.

No particular place, but a particular time—now—is instrumental in the unhappiness of the characters in John Bowen's **"The Center of the Green"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50). According to the different prices of the books, Mr. Bowen's talent is worth 45¢ less than that of Mr. Waterhouse and Dr. Goldthorpe. Actually the difference is greater. Still Mr. Bowen can write.

His story is about the family of Colonel Baker, a retired officer, who has spent most his career away from his wife and two sons, Julian and Charles. The boys are a mess, presumably because of their mother's possessiveness. Julian, who is married, is brutish and mentally ill: he can't keep his hands off girls, of almost any age. Charles can't seem to put his hands on girls. He's introspective to the point of suicide.

Mr. Bowen almost, but not quite, gets away with it. His characters hold some interest for us, but the author is so busy shifting his point of view among them that the story has no focus. It also has no plot to speak of; just some accurate observations of emotionally disturbed people. Unfortunately, whether or not people who need psychiatry will go to psychiatrists is hardly the stuff from which novels are made. The times are at fault, Mr. Bowen appears to say. Only the Colonel comes off well, as an example of an older, stronger society. That old saw is a bit too much. Didn't our ancestors have mothers?

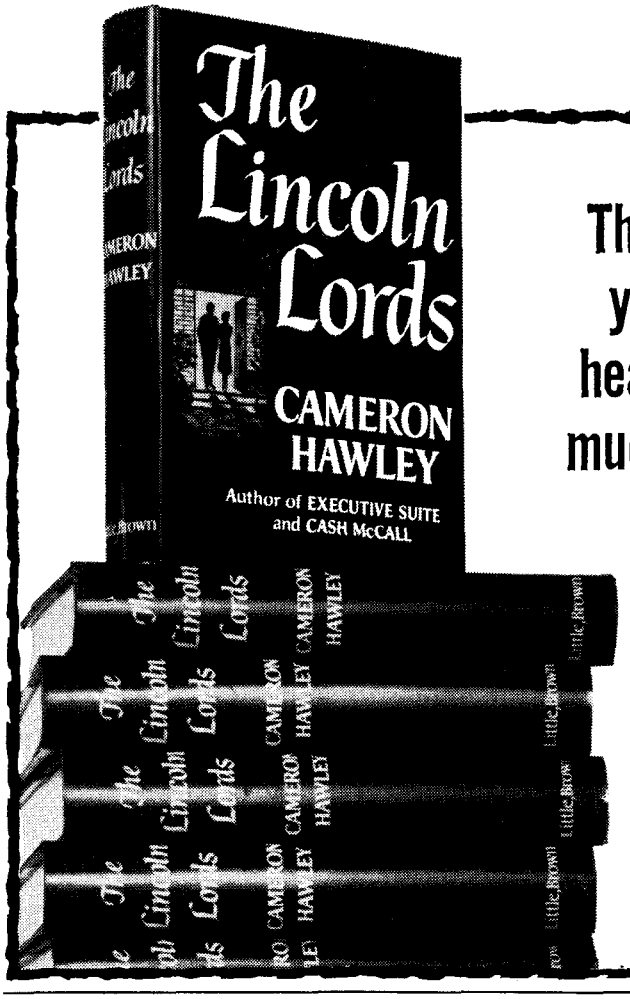
Of these novels the one unacceptable effort is **"A Girl with Class"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95), by Dave Wallis. This one costs more than the Bowen book. It's no bargain.

Mr. Wallis, because he's English I suppose, has a way with words, but it leads nowhere, unless you consider that a minute description of the men's washroom in an English pub is relevant to a love affair between an unattractive cockney type and a girl a social cut above him. Mr. Wallis too has a shifty point of view. This is fatal when the characters are shallow to begin and end with. I never could see why the heroine fell for her boor.

Nothing could be more dissimilar in story and technique from these four post-World War II novels than Raymond Postgate's **"Every Man Is God"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). He tells of a different England, of an era that lasted 200 years more or less unchanged and perished finally in the First World War.

The story, which begins late in the nineteenth century, spans three generations but concentrates on General Lord Alderton, a professional soldier, a man of little sensibility but some propriety, and his Lady, a woman of great cold sensibilities and no morality worth mentioning. They marry without love, live selfishly, attached by mutual dislike and their children, whom they drive to destruction. They themselves end violently in a world that has changed without their knowing it.

This is an old-fashioned book, in the very best sense. The construction



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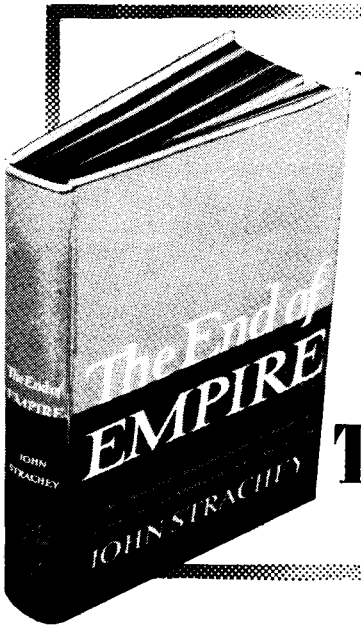

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RANDOM HOUSE

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about
WRITE ME FROM RIO
by Charles E. Eaton
critics say

"It's a beautiful, exquisitely written and enjoyable book which I shall long remember."
William Carlos Williams

"[Eaton] has now proven himself a prose writer of note."
Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel

"a distinguished and mannerly collection, one which will delight the reader who reads for fastidious elegance of style as well as for story."
Sara Henderson Hay in the Pittsburgh Press

JOHN F. BLAIR, Publisher
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Winston-Salem, N. C., $3.95

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by Marcia Davenport
$3.95 SCRIBNERS

"NIGERIA IS HAVING *its headaches these days, a mere eight months away from total independence and UN membership. Twenty-seven Nigerians were arrested last week and charged with cannibalism. The newspapers, of course, didn't mention the incident; it might make for embarrassment during Nigeria's entry into the family of nations. We are forwarding the information to the chef at the United Nations restaurant—mindful of his special days devoted to the distinctive foods of UN members.*"

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is on a grand scale, cleverly plotted, full of mysteries and suspense, bustling with a variety of engaging people, covering half a century, and written in immaculate prose. For Mr. Postgate there is always time enough, and he proceeds at what seems—considering the ground he has to cover—to be a leisurely pace, deviating at will for subplots, judiciously changing his point of view, or even halting to address the reader about old cars or communication in a pre-telephonic era. But never does he allow our attention and interest to waver.

Partly it's because this book alone among those discussed here, is over 300 pages long. Large pages too, and well filled. But the real basis for the fullness of story is the author's technical wizardry. Everything—every tense scene, accurate description, or tender reminiscence—does double and triple duty in at once advancing the plot, revealing character, and illuminating themes.

Mr. Postgate has written a rich, eventful, and evocative story, which seems to be in its own way, as original as "Billy Liar." Actually that's because too few novels like this come our way now. The book is sheer pleasure to read.

Criminal Record

DID SHE FALL OR WAS SHE PUSHED? *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $2.95. Fatal seaward plunge of well-heeled Rhode Island widow brings Jeff Di Marco, Boston claim adjuster, into case involving multiple disinheritances, teen-age goings-on, ancient Yankee hierarchy. Very easy to take.

MIDSUMMER MALICE. *By Nigel Fitz-Gerald. Macmillan.* $2.95. Twin stranglings shock County Kerry community and company of strolling players; 'tis little enough sleep nice Supt. Duffy gets until killer is felled. Good color, background, nice characterization carry this one along.

THE MAN FROM BAR HARBOUR. By *Gilroy Mitcham. Roy.* $2.75. Nick Marshall, London shamus, in pickle when client he never saw turns up dead in shabby hotel; cops are suspicious. (Note: this story has nothing to do with the Maine Bar Harbor.) Author's first yarn topped this.

THE SHIVERING MOUNTAIN. *By Paul Somers. Harper.* $2.95. Hugh Curtis, London newshawk, and Mollie Bourne, his charming competitor, deliver kidnap ransom, explore cave country, face peril in pursuit of key scientist. On the ball, as always.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Book of the Week

Continued from page 19

history, allotting only two chapters to all the great Asiatic societies before this century. As the principal forces in the long struggle for freedom he singles out religion, economics, and politics. All have helped to liberate men, but also to enslave them: religion by the tyranny of superstition and taboo, economics by exploitation and social injustice, politics by the inveterate concentration on war. In particular Professor Shotwell dwells on the theme of war, now the plainest threat to civilization, as the major impediment to freedom all through recorded history. Although the "drum and trumpet" historians of the past gave many pages to military affairs, he argues that neither they nor social scientists have yet paid adequate attention to the deeper effect of the war system—on religion, on the economy, and above all on government. In his view, politics were born of war and have always been dominated by it. Today modern weapons have made war a political anachronism.

These choices in emphasis are by no means arbitrary or provincial. The conscious struggle for freedom, especially political freedom, has in fact been centered in the Western world; until lately the East has been devoted to other values. If Professor Shotwell has overcompensated for the neglect of war, trying to explain too much by it, its importance can hardly be exaggerated, least of all in this century. The upshot, however, is a largely conventional kind of political history. The author acknowledges that he has paid slight attention to freedom of thought. He does not make clear enough, I think, the importance of cultural factors that he has slighted: of literature and the arts, of philosophy other than political, of technology and science before the industrial revolution. A paragraph on the Reverend Martin Luther King, for instance, may make one aware that bare mention, if any at all, is given to Homer, Thales, Euripides, da Vinci, Shakespeare, Newton, Darwin, and innumerable other key figures.

It would be unreasonable, of course, to demand of Professor Shotwell an exhaustive history of freedom, and peevish to suggest that he should have written a different kind. His chosen approach is obviously most pertinent. Still, it should be noted that this approach limits his survey of the contemporary world too. His history of our century is chiefly a straightforward political report, supplemented by the familiar criticisms of militarism and totalitarianism. Professor Shotwell offers little an-

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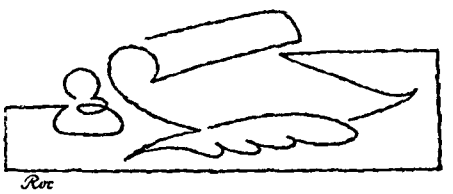
alysis of underlying causes, makes little contribution to a fuller understanding of the revolutionary developments. Although deeply concerned over the threats to individual freedom, he gives scant attention to the unlegislated social constraints of a mass civilization. He virtually ignores the basic problems of democratic culture, the mass media, the possible portents of a Brave New World.

At heart Professor Shotwell is an old-fashioned rationalist and liberal. Just because I share his essential faith I feel obliged to remark that it comes out rather too simple. Thus he conscientiously notes the paradoxes of history, how the major forces that have promoted freedom have also obstructed it; but he typically finds these paradoxes "almost incredible" and implies that "the enthronement of reason" will take care of them. There is less tension in his thought than there was in Lord Acton's, less subtlety and less irony. When Dr. Shotwell takes up our current problems he glides too easily from what "must" be done to what "will" be, with too little concrete demonstration of how it can be done. One may not be convinced that "the promise of ultimate victory"—victory over superstition, war, and injustice—"already shines before us."

Yet I should finally emphasize that "The Long Way to Freedom" is informed by not only great good will but a great deal of good sense. Professor Shotwell is truly liberal in spirit—fair-minded, broadminded, generous. His concept of freedom as justice is not shallow. The challenge he proposes is



summed up in what he calls the finest sentence in the Treaty of Versailles: "Permanent peace can be established only if it is based on social justice." If he is too optimistic about the chances of such peace, he is nevertheless right: social justice is the only solid basis. In his Wilsonian idealism he is more realistic than both the doctrinaire Communists who promise justice by the method of violence, and the hard-headed Americans who equate freedom with private business, and propose as the most urgent challenge the balancing of the national budget.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 5, 2, 9, 6, 4, 1, 10, 7, 3.

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T. S. Eliot

Continued from page 17

Eliot. "Preludes" introduces the typical sordid furniture of the Eliot world, a Baudelairean rather than Laforguean world. The poem is a series of images evoking despair and disgust. The popularity of the poem comes from its seriousness, the transference from a youthful, well-educated ennui to a genuine, if not very thoughtful, revulsion for all those people "raising dingy shades in a thousand furnished rooms." Eliot here imports the clichés of nineteenth-century French poetry about the wickedness (i.e., mediocrity) of the modern city. "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," a much more convincing poem, dramatizes and symbolizes the horror of the city. Eliot has already found the Culture of the modern city; by simply recording its images (a broken spring in a factory yard, a morsel of rancid butter, the toothbrush hanging on the wall) he evokes a cultured response—the response of the avant-garde reader to society. It is assumed, without having to say so, that the modern city is a degeneration of the past. *Now he knows what to say:* the housemaids have "damp" souls; people await the evening paper for want of something better; the old order changeth and Cousin Nancy has taken to smoking; the poet is quietly rejecting both the present and the immediate past—the American past.

The first really literary poem comes in this phase also. (I use the term "literary" opprobriously.) "Mr. Apollinax" marks a new Eliot; the epigraph becomes an integral part of the poem, an explanation of it; and there is no attempt to provide links from the reader's experience to the cultural cues. The meter begins to break and the rhymes are now artfully coarsened (afternoon-macaroon). Mr. Apollinax is something of a pagan oracle to Eliot and a priapic figure, but not to the Boston professors who entertain him. The poem is inferior to the "Rhapsody" in every way; it is already a culture poem and an exercise in footnoting.

ELIOT'S reputation to a large extent is based upon the poems of this early period, and rightly so. "Prufrock," "Portrait of a Lady," "Preludes," and the "Rhapsody" are among his best works. Of these "Prufrock" is head and shoulders above the rest and is sufficient to justify Eliot's claim as one of the most gifted twentieth-century poets. At the same time it is extremely close to *vers de société*, as the first reviewers were aware (and first impressions are generally valuable in literary criticism), while the other poems mentioned are almost mannerist in their attention to theory and precedent. These are true weaknesses and Eliot is evidently conscious of their defects, the proof being that he deserts these forms for new ones.

In the next phase we find the majority of the poems in pedantic and ironic quatrains. There is one attempt at a "major" form, as the critics say, in the poem "Gerontion," and there are several poems in French, which cannot certainly be judged as English poems. The quatrain poems introduce Sweeney and various minor characters in Eliot's pantheon. In this group there is also the extraordinarily crude anti-church poem named "The Hippopotamus," one of those surprising lapses of Eliot's which almost equal his good poems in number. Equally crude is the embarrassing anti-Jewish poem "Burbank with a Baedeker," an unhappy utterance of the modern "classical" school. Bleistein is "Chicago Semite Viennese" and he is described in disgusting physical detail. It is interesting to note that as Eliot's feelings become more violent and shocking the epigraphic matter becomes more talky and deranged. The quotation affixed to this poem is a hodgepodge of a French poem, a Latin motto, something from Henry James, something from Shakespeare, something from Browning, and something from Marston. It is as obscure as the quatrains are clear. The Chicago Shylock and the British baronet with a Jewish name have taken back Venice, according to this culture lyric. Stylistically and otherwise there is little virtue in the piece. Stylistically there is little or nothing of value in all the quatrain poems, "Sweeney Erect," "A Cooking Egg," "Whispers of Immortality," "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service," and the famous "Sweeney Among the Nightingales." In these poems Eliot is exploring the possibilities of character symbols; most turn out to be mere caricatures and do not appear again. Sweeney survives as a representation of Eliot's dim view of modern man. Eliot tries humor in the poems, if humor is the proper word (a highly polysyllabic bumbling kind of pseudo-British joking); and this he alternates with scenes of horror and disorder made ironical by the propriety of the meters. The close of the Nightingale poem is said by critics to mark a high point of nobility, why I am not sure, unless it is that Eliot leaves off "Rachel née Rabinovitch" and switches to Agamemnon and the Convent of the Sacred Heart. These closing lines, if indeed they are serious, are cheap rather than noble and so poorly articulated that they can barely be pronounced. These poems show a drastic falling-off from the poet's earlier work. (I have said nothing of the complexities of cultural allusion in these poems; most people know them and accept them as part of the rocky road to modern poetry.)

"GERONTION" is usually placed high among Eliot's works; but it is not much better than "Mr. Apollinax" and is in fact an extension of that poem in its manner. In order to escape a derivative Symbolism, Eliot has settled on the borrowing of quotations. Without a knowledge of the sources the poems sound more or less unified; the quotations themselves remove some of the author's responsibility for what the poems say. Eliot was here working out a method for a kind of poem which would implant certain ideas and images in the reader's mind, almost as if Eliot himself had nothing to do with the poem.

The use of quotation without reference has a further advantage: it creates a specialized class of readers: I am quite serious when I say that Eliot is here providing texts for a new academic faculty. In the same way as Pound he is trying to solve an educational problem. But "Gerontion" is also a personal catechism of the poet's religious hopes and doubts and is part of his spiritual autobiography. Its best feature is the rhetorical accretion of the same grammatical form and the use of meaningless but suggestive names. The theme of the youthless-ageless man, which is Eliot's one contribution to symbology, is advanced again, as in all his earlier poems. And there is in "Gerontion" a careful propaganda for Eliot as a symbolic figure, the poet deep in thought, seated among the ruins of the ages, longing for a salvation which will suit his intellect as well as his desires for spiritual comfort.

"The Waste Land" is the most important poem of the twentieth century; that is, the one that has caused the most discussion and is said by critics to be the culmination of the modern "mythic" style. The poem, by Eliot's own admission, is a collaboration with Pound. Pound edited it and removed one-third or two-thirds of it. The "continuity," we can assume, is therefore the work of Pound, who abhorred continuity in his own more ambitious poetry. As everyone knows how to read the poem or can find out by visiting the nearest library, I will say nothing about its meaning. I will speak rather of the success and the failure of the poem. That the poem is lacking in unity is obvious (assuming, as I do, that unity is a literary virtue). Any part of "The Waste Land" can be switched to any other part without changing the sense

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of the poem. Aside from the so-called mythic form, which is worthless and not even true—for Eliot misread James Joyce's "Ulysses" when he saw it as a parallel to Homer—the underlying unity of the poem is tonal and dramatic, exactly as a Victorian narrative poem would be. Eliot tries to conceal this indispensable literary method by mixing languages, breaking off dramatic passages, and dividing the poem into sections with titles. But what really keeps the poem moving is its rhetoric, its switches from description to exclamation to interrogation to expletive, sometimes very beautifully, as in the passages beginning "Unreal City." The straight descriptive passages are weak: "A Game of Chess" is one of the dullest and most meretricious of Eliot's writings, indicating his own dissatisfaction with that kind of verse. The dialogue, on the other hand, is generally good. The best moments of all are the image passages, where the images are set in dramatic tonalities: "What the Thunder Said" is the finest of these. The very worst passages are those which are merely quotes; even Eliot's most abject admirers can find no justification of the last lines of the poem, with its half-dozen languages and more than half a dozen quotations in a space of about ten lines.

"The Waste Land," because of its great critical reputation, not because of any inherent worth it might have, is one of the curiosities of English literature. Its critical success was, I daresay, carefully planned and executed, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that the poem was originally a hoax, as some of the first readers insisted. But hoax or not, it was very shortly made the sacred cow of modern poetry and the object of more pious literary nonsense than any modern work save the "Cantos" of Pound. The proof of the failure of the "form" of this poem is that no one has ever been able to proceed from it, including Eliot himself. It is, in fact, not a form at all but a negative version of form. It is interesting to notice that in the conventional stanzas of the quatrain poems Eliot is more personally violent and ugly about his own beliefs; in his unconventional style the voice of the poet all but disappears and is replaced by characters from his reading.

The emergence of Eliot's piety in "The Hollow Men" and in "Ash-Wednesday" takes the form of self-disgust in the one and self-pity in the other. "The Hollow Men" is in every way a better poem than "The Waste Land," though the parodistic style again enforces a poverty of statement and language which become the marks of self-imitation in Eliot. "Ash-Wednesday" is probably even more laden with gratuitous quotation than "The Waste Land," but its ecclesiastical imagery and richness of music give the poem a beauty which the poet can finally accept as beauty. Eliot here luxuriates in the emotions of piety and surrender which seemed shameful to his puritan soul in a purely human situation. The Eliot-God equation, once he has made the daring step, gives him an intellectual-emotional balance for the first time in his career. After the publication of this poem, Eliot's former work seems more of a piece and his future work is all laid out for him, everything from church pageants to Christmas card poems. The "Aeriel" poems are relatively simple and almost narrative. The rest of the poems are shelved under "fragments," minor pieces, and unfinished experiments. Eliot's career as a poet virtually comes to a close with "Ash-Wednesday." After that there is criticism, theology, and drama. The "Four Quartets" is the only attempt at what modern criticism calls a "major" poem—meaning a poem that deals with Culture wholesale. The "Quartets" was hailed by the Eliot critics as his crowning achievement; actually it is evidence of the total dissolution of poetic skill and even a confession of poetic bankruptcy. Eliot is quite open about this in the "Quartets."

THE "Quartets" is Eliot's bid to fame as a "philosophical poet." In it he expounds his metaphysics, his poetics, and his own place in the scheme of things. All of this is quite legitimate and not at all surprising; what is disturbing about the poems is their commonplaceness, their drabness of expression, their conventionality, and, worst of all, their reliance on the schoolbook language of the philosophy class. Eliot has traded poetry for the metaphysical abstraction, as in "The Waste Land" he had traded narrative for "myth." This development is psychologically consistent, a descent from French Symbolism to Metaphysical complexity-for-the-sake-of-complexity, to pastiche, to the myth-science of "The Golden Bough," to philosophical abstraction without poetic content. It all ends in the complete abandonment of poetry. When he comes to the drama in earnest he knows, of course, that he must use human language and he begins a new ascent into literature and the voices of poetry. But the "Quartets" lies at the bottom of the literary heap. All the so-called lyric sections, with one or two exceptions, are written with such disregard for the ear that one cannot associate them with the Eliot of "Prufrock" or the "Rhapsody." "Garlic and sapphires in the mud/ Clot the bedded axle-tree" is typical of this diction devoid of both image and music. Eliot, who used to condemn poets like Tennyson for what he called crudeness of feeling, here shows an insensitivity toward language which is marvelous. The more prosy passages are even void of that kind of poetry which rises from the use of imagery or sound. As for the philosophical development, it fails to reach a state of poetry and it may fail as philosophy—of this I am no judge. The much-quoted third section of "East Coker" about everyone going into the darkness, even people in the Almanach de Gotha and the Stock Exchange Gazette, is possibly the best passage of a long, very bad piece of writing; one feels that here there is an acceptance of the badness of the writing, as if good writing no longer held any meaning for the poet. The "lyric" section that follows contains a stanza

"Get off this property, unless somebody wants to get shot."

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("The whole earth is our hospital
Endowed by the ruined millionaire...")
which in its vulgarity of thought and expression is hardly superior to "Only God can make a tree." For the rest there is a kind of narcissistic figure of the aging Eliot lolling through the poem, the climactic Dante imitation in "Little Gidding," and finally the magnificent passage "Sin is Behovely, but all shall be well." Unfortunately these glorious lines are not Eliot's but are one of his borrowings. In general, "The Four Quartets" appears to be a deliberately bad book, one written as if to convince the reader that poetry is dead and done with. We should remember Eliot's lifelong interest in the final this and the final that and at least entertain the possibility that "The Four Quartets" was intended to stand as the last poem in the Great Tradition. Eliot and Pound have both shown themselves to be capable of such arrogance.

I have now said all the wicked things I can think of about Eliot and it remains at last to say something favorable. At the beginning of these remarks I mentioned one phase of Eliot's work in which I regard him as a true poet and a man of rich spiritual insight. While I cannot feel that Eliot has contributed anything to the spiritual advancement of our age, I am convinced that he tried. But why is it that his own poems are rubrics rather than works of art? What are they for? What are they trying to say? Is it really all just sociology, reactionary politics, bitterness, spite, and despair? I think not. I have spoken of the apparently deliberate erosion of his great gifts, leading to the final desertion of poetry. And I have touched on Eliot's escape into religion. Here is a capital puzzle for the critic.

MY SOLUTION to the puzzle is this. The motivating force in Eliot's work is the search for the mystical center of experience. This search in his case has been fruitless and increasingly frustrating. Eliot's entire career is a history of his failure to penetrate the mystical consciousness. He begins as a youth with Symbolism when it is already a dying religious-esthetic mystique. He moves from Symbolism to the Metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century. (Neither the dictionary nor modern criticism explains what it is that interested Eliot in these poets, for it certainly was not extreme metaphorical technique or what the textbook calls the conceit.) Eliot was fascinated by the Metaphysical poem because it is virtually a demonstration of prayer. Nearly all the Metaphysical poets were Divines, men deeply troubled by the new scientific knowledge. What Eliot studied in their poetry was the possibility of fusing sacred with secular knowledge in poetry. Metaphysical poetry lies close to absurdity because it is premised on this peculiar dualism. We recall also that Eliot associated the fairly recent French poet Laforgue with the English Metaphysicals, for at one time it seemed to Eliot that a keen enough wit might serve as a key to the door that refused to open. But neither Symbolism nor Metaphysical sacred poetry offered a way to Eliot, even when he tried a fusion of the two. Third, he attempted secular mythology as a way to penetrate the mystical consciousness. It was in this phase that he wrote "The Waste Land," a poem which is a jumble of sacred and "profane" myths, adding up to nothing.

Meanwhile, both Eliot and Pound discovered T. E. Hulme, whose essays provided written authority for them both, in different ways. Every major doctrine of Eliot's can be found in Hulme's "Speculations," the most basic the one that relates fundamental Christian doctrine to a theory of society and a theory of poetics. Hulme formulated for Eliot the attack on Romanticism and the attack on mysticism (for the Romantic and the mystical are always related, while the Classical and the orthodox are related in their way, at least in the critical mind). Hulme pointed the way for Eliot to orthodoxy in letters and to ritual and dogma in the spiritual realm. I consider Hulme's book as the "Mein Kampf" of modern criticism and a thoroughly evil work; and it was Eliot's undoing. For after the assimilation of Hulme, the rest is elaboration. Except for one thing: the search for the mystical center of experience goes on. Eliot worries it in Dante, in the Hindu scriptures, in St. John of the Cross, and in Julianne of Norwich. But poets of more recent vintage who come closer to mysticism infuriate Eliot, and he pours out his scorn on Blake, Lawrence, Whitman, and our own Transcendentalists. Yet it is eternally to Eliot's credit that he does not fake the mystical (as he seems to accuse Blake of doing) and it is also to his credit that he does not relapse into magic and spiritualism, as Yeats did. It appears that Eliot is not even acquainted with esotericism; at least he does not seem to be conscious of the esoteric meaning of the Tarot, which he uses in "The Waste Land," but only as its magical meaning for fortunetelling.

THE failure to achieve mystical consciousness drove Eliot back to metaphysics proper and to religion proper. This in my view is the great failure of Eliot. Eliot ends up as a poet of religion in the conventional sense of that term. And once having made the religious commitment he tried to visualize a religion-directed society; he thus becomes an official of the most conservative elements of society and a figurehead for all that is formalized and ritualized. Yeats's fascination for the Byzantine betrays the same spiritual conservatism, as does Pound's fascination for the corporate state and the führer principle. And Eliot ends his quest with his caricature of the modern poet-priest or psychiatrist-priest who alone has power to allay the Furies. Witch-hunting runs through Eliot from beginning to end.

Eliot is a poet of religion, a thoroughgoing anachronism in the modern world, a poet of genius crippled by lack of faith and want of joy. I believe in Blake's proverb that "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." Had Eliot ever set foot on that road he might have been as great a seer as Whitman or Rimbaud or even Dylan Thomas.

Mr. Shapiro's essay in expanded form, will appear in a book "In Defense of Ignorance," to be published in April by Random House.

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Death of a Versifier

By Sydney Kessler

We found him holding the dog to his heart,
And closed his wound with a string of lies.
Since time is slipping off the chart,
All friends are welcome:—no one cries.

His songs were seldom more than trite.
The dog, called Truth, had watched for days.
This is the man we found bled white,
Still swathed in tourniquets of praise.

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Science in Politics

Continued from page 24

> inclined, the new utopians take this question very seriously. If manipulating people is bad—and manipulation is one of the dirtiest words in the new lexicon—how can one justify the manipulation of people for good ends?

This is a problem still being seriously discussed. But there is a fallacy in all this twaddle. The theorists are assuming what they have to prove.

Where, then, it may be asked, should they have begun? They should have begun with the first step in scientific method, and that is to admit your complete ignorance of the problem you are to solve. The second step is to feel some real curiosity about what the answer will turn out to be. But the new utopians, to use Whyte's phrase, are twittering about ethics and democracy. Instead of discarding all these preconceptions, as a true scientist obviously must, they are still befogged by all they learned at college. They have not cleared their minds of cant. Faced with theories such as theirs, Roger Bacon exclaimed:

> If I had my way I should burn all the books of Aristotle, for the study of them can only lead to a loss of time, produce error, and increase ignorance.

The quantity of books which are today increasing ignorance would come to an impressive total. It would be well, however, if ignorance were all that they produced. For the chief obstacle to progress is not ignorance but knowledge; and just such knowledge as medieval physicians had of medicine. They were all stuffed with information. They knew all there is to know about the habits of the unicorn and dragon. They knew the importance of the horoscope and they learned the peculiarities of the salamander. They had piles of books dealing with all aspects of medicine. But medical progress dates, in fact, from the moment when the physician stopped looking at the books and tried looking at the patient. In politics that is a moment we have not yet reached.

Suppose, however, that we gain the first step, and then the second; how do we proceed from there? First of all, we shall have realized that scientific progress is made step by step and one at a time, and that each step rests not on theory but on fact. We shall then grasp that the questions commonly propounded are at present insoluble. If asked what form of government is best, we can only reply that the question is meaningless. Best for whom and in what way and where? But if the question were rephrased in more exact terms, we should have to admit that our researches have only just begun. Good government is that which governs well. Its effectiveness is measurable in terms of population, fertility, health, education, efficiency, economy, public spirit, and obedience to law. Its further effect is less certainly measurable in terms of learning, literature, drama, music, and art. Careful investigation of all that has been achieved might reveal, to begin with, some tentative grounds for thinking that there may be an optimum size for the political unit. It might perhaps be shown that states tend to stagnate when too small and become inefficient when too large.

If we are to progress beyond these elementary facts about, say, the size of the unit to be administrated, we need to call in the anthropologist, the historian, the psychologist, the statistician, and the specialist in public health. With their help we might attempt a further set of problems. What should be the number, age, and sex of persons to whom authority is to be entrusted? How long should a meeting be allowed to last? What should be the rules of procedure? We need information of this kind before we can reach the conclusions upon which further progress can be based. We also need some careful investigation of what the mass of people want and need and of how (if at all) their views can be usefully expressed. In this way we might eventually reach the point at which the merits of monarchy and aristocracy, democracy and dictatorship could be compared. At present the means of comparison simply do not exist. —C. Northcote Parkinson.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 871

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 871 will be found in the next issue.

CXHA B LBA PD

CNBFFHM EF PA

XPLDHOK XH LBQHD B

FNHWWR DLBOO

FBSQBTH.

—YZXA NEDQPA.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 870

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—Harvard Lampoon.

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(Continued from page 37)

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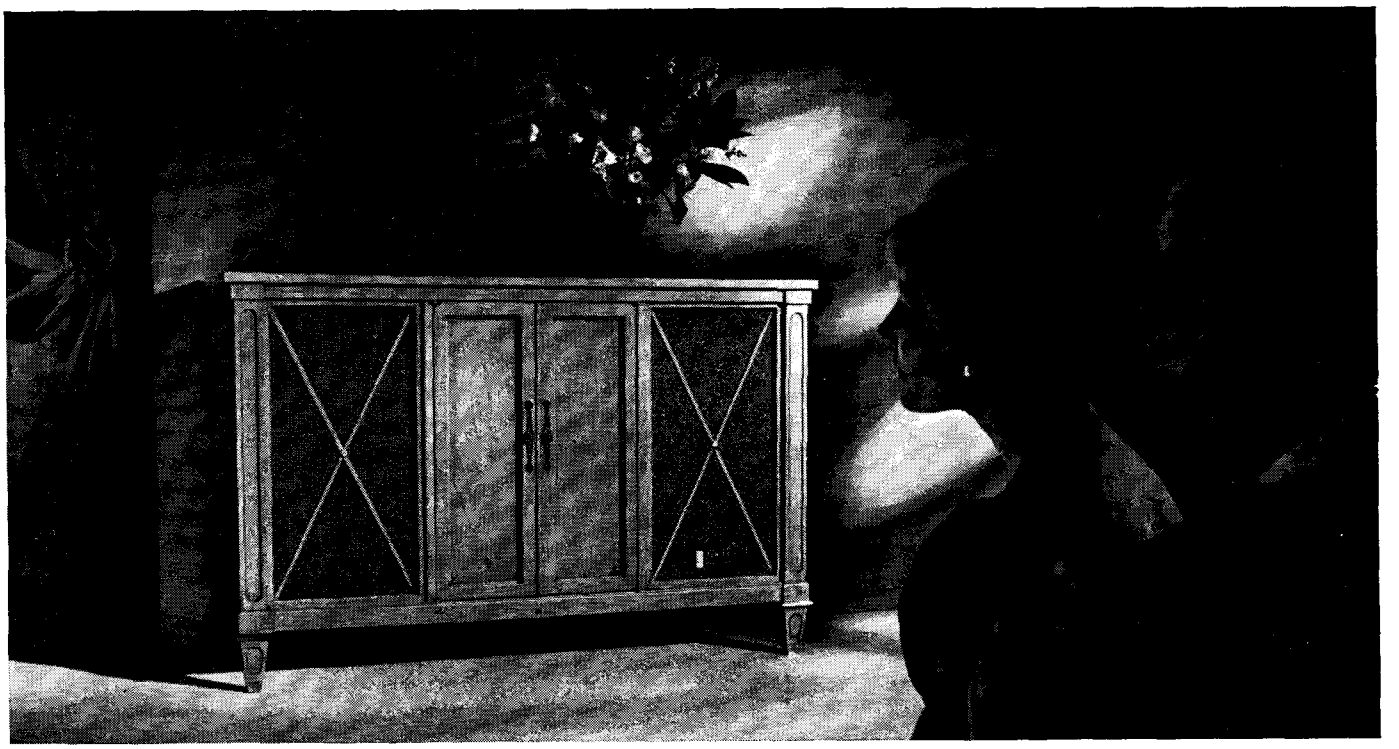

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Chopin, drawn from life, by Luigi Calamatta (1840)

SR/ RECORDINGS

FEBRUARY 27, 1960

MONOLOGUE ON CHOPIN
By Artur Rubinstein (Overheard by Irving Kolodin) **41**

THE HONOR ROLL OF RECORDED CHOPIN

THE CHOPIN-POTOCKA CORRESPONDENCE
By Jan Holcman **46**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor **48**

ISRAEL IN SPEECH, SONG, AND STORY
By Frederic Ramsey, Jr. **54**

CONCERT IN SPACE
By Michael O'Connell **56**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **58**

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson **63**

MONOLOGUE ON CHOPIN

By ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

(Overheard by Irving Kolodin)

Artur Rubinstein is now in Poland, where he is being heard in eight solo recitals as well as in orchestral appearances to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Frederic Chopin's birth (February 22, 1810). The following observations on the music of his great compatriot were made shortly before his departure as guest of the Chopin commemoration.

Rubinstein

"YOU WANT to talk about Chopin? Gladly. It is remarkable to think that this man who wrote only piano music, and had such a superb sense of his limitations—no small thing in itself—has such an outpouring of affection on an anniversary. Take the Schumann year, 1956. Here was a man who wrote the greatest songs after Schubert, marvelous chamber music, four symphonies that are played all the time (and when they are rightly played by such a man as George Szell, who really has made a study of them, how well they can sound) and all his remarkable piano music. With all that, there wasn't nearly the appeal to the public that Chopin had on the hundredth anniversary of his death in 1949. Right here in New York, it was unbelievable: three Chopin recitals on the same day at the same time and all three completely sold out; Volodya Horowitz in Hunter College; I in the

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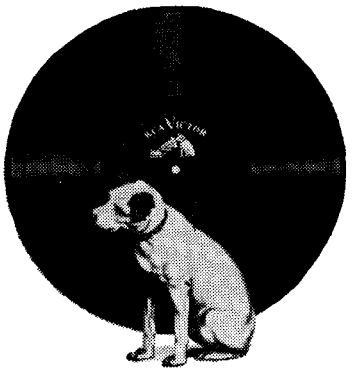
NEW CLASSICAL HITS OF THE GOLDEN 60's ...ON RCA VICTOR
Living Stereo and regular L.P.

To commemorate the 150th anniversary of Chopin's birth, Rubinstein has just recorded, for the first time, the complete Ballades, and his performances enrich music and listener alike. Another Rubinstein-Chopin album: the complete Scherzos, newly recorded "with fresh insights and illuminations" (Kolodin).



In "Cavalleria Rusticana," their first recording together, Renata Tebaldi and Jussi Bjoerling created a monophonic landmark. Here, fulfilling fondest hopes, is the long-awaited stereo version. Like all Living Stereo albums, it features "Miracle Surface," which helps to keep records dust-free and insure perfect quality.

Robt. Shaw Chorale: Bach—"Jesus, Dearest Master"; "Christ Lay in the Bonds of Death." First in a new series of great Bach choral works by this notable group.

When critics review a performance of contralto Maureen Forrester, they lean heavily on the word "perfection"—for good reason, as her approach to the songs in this album demonstrates. Equally impressive are the remarkable sound and the flawless interpretations by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony.

Juilliard String Quartet: Schubert—"Death and the Maiden." A world-famed ensemble in the latest of RCA Victor's distinguished new chamber music recordings.

Rarely has a song recital caused such excitement as Cesare Valletti's Town Hall concert of October, 1959. In addition to his triumphs in opera, tenor Valletti excels in the lieder art. The recital featured examples of both forms, and RCA Victor engineers were on hand to capture its most thrilling moments.

50 Years of Great Operatic Singing: Tenors. The world's greatest, Caruso to present. Drawn mainly from an earlier premium-priced edition; now a regular-priced L.P. (monophonic only).

Josephine Baker's French stage debut in 1925 rocked Paris. It was Miss Baker who introduced jazz to Europeans and magnetized continental audiences with her Harlem blues style. Latest evidence of her timeless popularity is "Paris Mes Amours," her 1959 French success. Hits from that revue highlight this Baker bouquet.

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Metropolitan; and the American pianist Frank Sheridan in Carnegie Hall.

"But that should hardly be too surprising. In playing all over the world, I have found Chopin the composer most *beloved* by audiences everywhere. Bach is appreciated for intellectual reasons; Beethoven admired for the tremendous musical thinker that he is; but Chopin is loved. You can play Chopin in China and see the faces of the audience light up with understanding. Once, after playing in Hong Kong, I was invited to play at Canton University, for an audience of Chinese university students. This interested me very much, and I arranged a program of Bach, Chopin, Liszt, and a variety of other things. I must say that the greatest *success* was with a Bach toccata—tremendous—but I felt the strongest contact with the audience, the most absorption in the Chopin (Liszt not so much). Afterwards, at a reception, I mentioned this to one of the dons, an elderly man with a serene face who had been educated at Oxford and was a marvelous specimen of the Chinese, whom I love dearly. He said, 'You know, my dear chap, we Chinese are very adept with our hands—juggling, you know, all sorts of intricate art work—so when you perform miraculous feats on the keyboard, and your hands flash about, we take it quite calmly. But we can feel the elevation' (mind you, the el-e-vation) 'in the great music of Chopin you play.' That made a deep impression on me.

"Pianists should be eternally grateful to this great Pole for what he did for their instrument. Of course there was no piano in Mozart's time, which accounts for the sparseness in his bass writing, the rather thin sound altogether. He preferred to lavish his brilliant imagination on the orchestra, where he could write the most intricate, interrelated parts and be sure that they would be heard, because the orchestra *existed*. Beethoven was more of a researcher, and after a certain time, there was the "Hammerklavier" for him to use. But still he was never satisfied. I share his feeling that the piano should be improved to the extent that with one powerful chord, *fortissimo*, you could completely subdue an audience. Probably that will never come. But Beethoven must have been a prodigious pianist to write something like the fugue finale of the "Hammerklavier," Opus 106. Speaking only of his instrumental writing, and without respect to the tremendous musical ideas that are embodied, I must say that as with his writing for voices, Beethoven's piano writing is often *gauche*. Not right for the fingers, and it doesn't *sound* as it should. With Schumann there is a different problem. He was a strange fellow. His was a rich palette, a marvelous combination of color and eloquent ideas, and such melodic invention. But there is an odd thing about Schumann. For the piano he wrote very often orchestrally—those figures jumping about, thick chords, cello-like bass, and so on. But for the orchestra, he wrote pianistically—as in the scherzo of the "Spring" symphony.

"Coming to Chopin, you have a divine combination of inspiration, instrumental imagination, and classic sense of proportion. Does this surprise you, for this 'romantic' figure? In his music, Chopin was all *against* the 'romantic' idea. Bach and Mozart were his love and passion; Beethoven he didn't care much about at all. He didn't like Schumann, really, although he appreciated what Schumann did for him, and thought he was a lovely fellow. But even in that great salute in which Schumann elevated Chopin to heaven as a very young man, there were literary allusions—the Florestan, Eusebius kind of thing—which didn't appeal to Chopin. Berlioz he didn't enthuse about either.

"One hundred and fifty years after his birth, Chopin remains the most modern-sounding composer of his century, with a remarkable sense of harmonic color, modulation especially, which keeps his music fresh and undated in sound. It is only in recent times that one really understands what Chopin was doing, as in the G minor Ballade, just at the end of the introduction, where he has an E flat in the G minor chord, creating a polytonal effect of G minor and E flat—which are, of course, the two keys in which the Ballade is written. This is a typical instance of Chopin *anticipating* the harmony, something he loved to do.

"This kind of logical reason for what sounds, at first, very impulsive, is a characteristic trait of Chopin, for with all his impulsive temperament and his melodic genius, Chopin was essentially a very pedantic fellow. What composer before him wrote out every note and figuration, embellishment and filigree? Without them, we might have lost the true essence of what he was trying to convey. As, for example, in Mozart, where so much is left to the player because Mozart had no time to write out everything in his short life, there was always something new he had to work on.

"But with Chopin, nothing—absolutely nothing—is left to chance. Another instance of Chopin's pedantic nature is in the Preludes, written in all the tonalities, major and minor, as Bach did in the Well Tempered Clavier. He began to write the Etudes in the same way, in all the tonalities, but after a while he got tired of it, and reverted to some of his favorite keys—B minor, F minor, A flat—of whose sound he was particularly fond. He was pedantic in his way of life too—the little clock next to him, which had to be just so, and his clothes. You know the three letters he wrote to his friend Fontana with instructions to a tailor who was making some suits for him? He explained just how he wanted the checks in his trousers, just so big, with just so much color. Chopin was afraid he might not have understood from the first letter, so he wrote him another . . . and still another.

"Sometimes you find a harsh combination or a progression in the bass versus the treble that isn't quite what you would expect. But it shows, if you think about it, that Chopin couldn't bear to write consecutive fifths or octaves, that even in such moments he was conscious of pedantic considerations. Unlike some composers, whose manuscripts show what they added to their thinking, Chopin was constantly taking out. Sometimes he wrote more notes in the first version of something, but when he had finished taking out, the result was that beautiful clarity and transparency in which every note counts: the tenths in the bass against the octaves or thirds in the treble, mar-

(*Continued on page* 59)

Chopin—a daguerreotype (by Bisson) made the year of his death (1849).

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The Honor Roll of Recorded Chopin

1906-1960

By JAN HOLCMAN

THIS YEAR, February brings a double anniversary for Poland—1,000 years since the state was founded and 150 since its greatest musical genius was born (though some musicians believe that Chopin was born in 1809). The second of these anniversaries is also celebrated by the rest of the world. The interest in Chopin has never lagged, and every year brings new books and biographical works, and new editions of existing works. In this respect Poland is, of course, the leading contributor.

As for the U.S., this country's most generous contributions are on discs. Our catalogues are swollen with countless Chopin renditions of all grades—another fact that confirms Chopin's undiminished popularity. This outpouring invites the complex task of organizing a selective Chopin "discography" of distinguished performances. If Debussy had been the subject, the long list would probably consist of Gieseking, Gieseking, and still more Gieseking, with minor additions. Not so with Chopin, who, if rarely played to the full satisfaction of each musician, is amenable to dozens of conceptions that can be accepted by nearly all average listeners.

During the last sixty years, 180 Chopin piano works have been recorded all over the world: nearly 2,000 different readings on 78s, and more than 1,500 others on LP. It would be a utopian wish to examine all these versions. I can only say that I have made every effort to hear as many as physically possible. My record collection contains about 95 per cent of the important Chopin discs in existence, not to mention many less significant ones. I have not been able to locate a score of records I would like to have heard—and that includes a few LPs.

The number of separate Chopin versions I have examined (or re-examined) in recent weeks totals 2,168 (including 819 78s). The number of selected items totals only 288 (performed by 73 pianists), which is an average of one selected version for every seven rejected. The listening sessions were diversified not only by eleven sets of twenty-four Etudes, ten sets of twenty-four Preludes, etc., but also by the fact that issues of Nocturnes, Mazurkas, and Polonaises (with Rubinstein) had to be examined in the old as well as the new versions.

This intensive attention to Chopin was an instructive as well as a fatiguing task. It was also not free from surprises. An unknown or little-appreciated pianist would suddenly present a remarkable reading (on the same disc with readings better not mentioned at all), while a few great masters occasionally displayed a lesser responsibility than their reputations promised. One might find a few poor Hofmanns as well as a few exquisite Nobodys. Thus, I had the pleasure of discovering that Paderewski's few false notes did not always blur his remaining outstanding characteristics. I was glad to find Cortot playing an Etude without technical flaws. One may learn that Gieseking interpreted a Mazurka with unique beauty, which, by the way, still does not place him among leading Chopinists. Nor shall I apologize for including the late Rosita Renard, whose reading of two Etudes is highly exciting despite "wrong notes."

I have also included one of the first Chopin discs ever made (1906)—an Etude played by the unpredictable Pachmann, who is most compelling here. If historical circumstances alone would not justify such an inclusion, certainly the performance merits it. The fidelity is astonishing for the early 1900s. Fidelity? In those days only that of the artist was seriously considered.

If it is a difficult task to select remarkable performances out of so many, such research raises a real esthetic dilemma. Which is more important—excellent playing through the entire work, or an uneven reading which contains some highly imaginative moments? What about a case in which one pianist plays the first part of a Scherzo convincingly while his colleague recorded the second part with more authority? Or when one performer plays an Etude with superlative technical balance, while other artists have accomplished more in a musical sense? Finally, what if two, three, or even more readings of the same work deserve an equal distinction, although for different reasons? In addition, the superlative qualities of some artists differ at times so slightly that I found myself adding another and still another reading to our list, which cannot, however, grow beyond certain bounds.

In such confusing cases I have selected the most outstanding representatives of each particular interpretive style (naturally, no sets were listed as such, even the distinguished Lipatti set of Waltzes). Take for instance the Nocturne in F sharp major. I have heard this piece played not only by a dozen admirable young contributors, but by a series of "great names" such as Rubinstein (two versions), Paderewski (three versions), Hofmann (four versions), Busoni, D'Albert, Pugno, Godowsky, Levitzky, Novaës, etc. (The only missing one was Chopin himself.) Comparing similar styles, I sometimes had to choose in this manner: if the Etude found lyrical interpreters—then between Anda and Orloff; if titanic—between Renard and Lhevinne; if declamatory—Hofmann and Busoni; if polyphonic—again Hofmann, Friedmann, and Rachmaninoff.

To avoid misunderstanding I will give a "key" to my discography: In most cases I have selected at least two different and contrasting performances for each work. The first name listed in a group represents the most, or one of the most, convincing interpretations of that work, in the opinion of this researcher; the following versions of the same piece are not always listed in any hierarchy since in several cases it was impossible to decide between a few unique readings (i.e., the Etude Op. 25, No. 6 as presented by Lhevinne, Darré, Backhaus, and Anda—each chosen for different qualities); in isolated cases, in turn, only a single version was recommended. This means that even the next-best—perhaps a splendid reading—did not compare favorably enough to include it in this space. The entire absence of several works means that they are still waiting for more meaningful exponents. A few unreleased items were listed since they are of highest merit and may be released in the future; each record listed under 78 rpm is an electrical disc made *after* 1925. The addition of an asterisk implies an acoustic disc made *before* this date.

It is important to note that a listed version is not necessarily the most successful Chopin reading of the listed artist, but just the most attractive reading of a particular work. On the other hand, his best readings may not be included if other pianists rendered them more convincingly. It follows that the entire omission of a few reputable pianists does not imply that every included pianist can match the omitted ones overall. And, if we find a minor virtuoso listed in parallel with Horowitz it does not indicate that he matches Horowitz's pianism, but only that in this particular reading he has happily surpassed himself.

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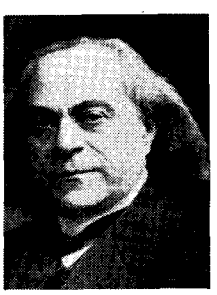
Title	Artist	Versions Examined
Andante Spianato and Polonaise	*Hofmann: Col. ML 4929*	6
	Horowitz: RCA LM 1137	
	Rubinstein: Victor M 353—78	
with orchestra:	*Darré: Pathé PDT 270/1—78*	
Ballade No. 1	*Hofmann: Col. ML 4929*	27
	Casadesus: Col. ML 4798	
	Gilels: Colos. CRLP 256	
Ballade No. 2	*Ashkenazy: Angel 35403*	12
	Graffman: RCA LM 2304	
	Casadesus: Col. ML 4798	
Ballade No. 3	*Arrau: Parlo. 20443—78*	26
	Oborin: USSR 24290	
Ballade No. 4	*Hofmann (Unreleased 78)*	17
	Casadesus: Col. 68088-D —78	
Barcarolle	*Lipatti: Col. ML 4721*	17
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277	
Berceuse	*Giesecking: Col. GQX 11049—78*	20
	*Hofmann: Col. L 1392 —78**	
	Hofmann: Col. ML 4929 (new performance 20 years later)	
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277	
Concerto in E minor	*Hofmann (Unreleased 78)*	14
Concerto in F minor	*Davidovitsch: USSR D-1987/8*	13
	Ashkenazy: Angel 35403	
Ecossaises	*Davidovitsch: USSR 23236 —78*	3
Etudes:		
Op. 10, No. 1	*Ashkenazy: Angel 35403*	17
	Backhaus: HMV DB 1132—78	
	Rosenthal: PE 11161—78	
Op. 10, No. 2	*Darré: Pathé PDT 93—78*	18
	Papierno: Pathé DTX 171-5	
Op. 10, No. 3	*Arrau: Angel 35413*	21
	Malcuzynski: Col. LX 1203—78	
Op. 10, No. 4	*Renard (despite blurs): Friends of Music XTLP 11427*	22
	Slenczynska: Decca 9890	
Op. 10, No. 5	*Friedman: Col. D 1615 —78*	45
Op. 10, No. 6	*Novaës: Vox PL 10930*	13
	Kentner: Cap. GBR 7162	
	Effenbach: Orfeo 11	
Op. 10, No. 7	*Friedman: Col. 7119 M —78*	19
Op. 10, No. 8	*Horowitz: HMV DA 1305 —78*	23
Op. 10, No. 9	*Backhaus: HMV DB 1134 —78*	11
Op. 10, No. 10	*Backhaus: HMV DB 1134 —78*	16
	Slenczynska: Decca 9890	
Op. 10, No. 11	*Lhevinne: Victor 8868 —78*	15
	Saperton: Command Perf. CPLP 1202	
	Goldsand: Int'l. IRMS 1132	
Op. 10, No. 12	*Friedman: Col. 7119 M—78*	27
Op. 25, No. 1	*Gieseking: Homochord 1-8614—78*	24
	Ginsburg: USSR 22214 —78	
Op. 25, No. 2	*Slenczynska: Decca 9890*	28
	D'Albert: Odeon XX 7936 —78	
Op. 25, No. 3	*Davidovitsch: Chant du Monde 5039—78*	25
	Ashkenazy: Angel 35403	
Op. 25, No. 4	*Skoda: West. 18811*	15
	Anda: Angel 35420	
	Goldsand: Int'l. IRMS 1132	
Op. 25, No. 5	*Oborin: USSR 17786*	22
	Anda: Angel 35420	
Op. 25, No. 6	*Lhevinne: Victor 8868 —78*	23
	Darré: Pathé PDT 92—78	
	Backhaus: Victrola M 43 —78	
	Anda: Angel 35420	
Op. 25, No. 7	*Paderewski (despite mannerisms): HMV DB 744 —78 reprint from 1923*	15
	Kentner: Cap. GBR 7162	
Op. 25, No. 8	*Renard: Friends of Music XTLP 1147*	17
Op. 25, No. 9	*Friedman: Col. D 1615 —78*	28
	*Earliest Pachmann: G.T. of 1906! C 5566—78**	
	Hofmann: Col. ML 4929	
Op. 25, No. 10	*Lhevinne: Victor 8868 —78*	14
	Jenner: Rem. 33-156-2	
Op. 25, No. 11	*Lhevinne: Victor 8868 —78*	19
	Jenner: Rem. 33-156-2	
Etude nouvelle in F minor	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277*	4
	Koczalski (studied with Chopin's pupil, Mikuli) Decca LY 6121—78	
Etude nouvelle in D flat	*Demus: West. 18723*	6
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277	
Etude nouvelle in A flat	*Schein: Kapp 9023*	6
	(Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277)	
Fantasia in F minor:	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277*	13
	Solomon: Col. DX 669—78	
Fugue (played from manuscript in her possession)	*Janotha:—"Court pianist to H.I.M. The German Emperor" (!): G.T. of 1906 GC 5563—78**	1
Impromptu in A flat	*Kentner: Col. DX 1081—78*	14
	*Cortot: Victrola 614—78**	
Impromptu in F sharp	*Kentner: Col. DX 997—78*	13
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277	
Impromptu in G flat	*Harasiewicz: Pathé DTX 171-5*	7
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 2277	
Fantaisie-Impromptu:	*Kentner: Edison Bell X 543—78*	15
	Hofmann: Col. A 6174—78	
	*Godowsky: Brunswick 50008—78**	
Mazurkas:		
Op. 7, No. 1	*Friedman: Col. D 1615—78*	8
Op. 7, No. 2	*Friedman: Col. 6794 D—78*	7
Op. 7, No. 3	*Orloff: Decca K 1424—78*	10
	Friedman: Col. 6748 D—78	
	Malcuzynski: Angel 35284	
Op. 7, No. 5	*Bakst: West. 3313*	6
	Kapell: RCA LM 1715	
Op. 17, No. 4	*Giesecking: Col. LWX 304 —78*	16
	*Paderewski: HMV of 1912! DB 604—78**	
Op. 24, No. 2	*Rubinstein: Victor 15783 —78*	7
Op. 24, No. 4	*Novaës: Vox 7920*	15
	Bakst: West. 3313	
Op. 30, No. 2	*Rubinstein: Victor 17297 —78*	6
	Bakst: West. 3313	
Op. 30, No. 4	*Horowitz: Victor 1327—78*	9
Op. 33, No. 1	*Bakst: West. 3313*	
	Rubinstein: Victor 17298 —78	7
Op. 33, No. 2	*Friedman: Col. 30011-D —78**	12
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 6109	
	Rosenthal: Victor 1951—78	
	Paderewski: HMV DA 1245—78	
Op. 33, No. 3	*Pachmann: (rec. in his home in England, 1920) Col. L 1112—78**	9
	Bakst: West. 3313	
Op. 33, No. 4	*Friedman: Col. 67949—78*	12
	Rosenthal: Victor 14298—78	
Op. 41, No. 1	*Friedman: Col. 67950-D —78*	9
Op. 41, No. 2	*Horowitz: Victor DA 1353 —78*	10
Op. 41, No. 4	*Ashkenazy: Angel 35403*	7
Op. 50, No. 1	*Rubinstein: Victor 15910 —78*	6
	Smeterlin: Allegro 3032	
Op. 50, No. 2	*Friedman: Col. 67950-D —78*	14
Op. 50, No. 3	*Harasiewicz: Pathé DTX 171-5*	15
Op. 56, No. 2	*Landowska (harpsichord): RCA LM 1186*	9
Op. 56, No. 3	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 6109*	9
	Bakst: West. 3313	
Op. 59, No. 1	*Ashkenazy: Angel 35648*	9
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 6109	
Op. 63, No. 1	*Rosenthal: Victor 1951—78*	7
Op. 63, No. 2	*Zak: USSR 12044*	7
	Rubinstein: Victor 15910 —78	
	(Uninsky: Epic 3122)	
Op. 63, No. 3	*Friedman: Col. 67951 D —78*	18
	*Rachmaninoff: Victrola 1008—78**	
	Harasiewicz: Pathé DTX 171-5	
Op. 67, No. 1	*Rosenthal: Parl. E 11161 —78*	8
	(Magaloff: London 23031)	
Op. 67, No. 2	*Reisenberg: West. 18830-2*	7
	Bakst: West. 3313	
Op. 67, No. 4	*Harasiewicz: Pathé DTX 171-5*	12
	Janis: Victor LM 2091	
Op. 68, No. 2	*Solomon: Col. GC 3509—78*	10
	Bakst: West. 3313	
Op. 68, No. 4	*Zak: USSR 12044*	7
	Rubinstein: Victor 15908 —78	
	Bakst: West. 3313	
"Gaillard" in A minor	*Moiseiwitsch: HMV E 319 —78*	7
	Oborin: Mercury 6013—78	
	Bakst: West. 3313	7
"Notre Temps" in A minor	*Rubinstein: Victor 17298 —78*	
	Kapell: RCA LM 1865	
Nocturnes:		
Op. 9, No. 1	*Bukowska: West. 2231*	8
	Rubinstein: Victor 14961 —78	
Op. 9, No. 3	*Hofmann (unreleased)*	9
	Horowitz: RCA LM 2137	
	Rubinstein: Victor 14962 —78	
	Bukowska: West. 2231	
	Reisenberg: West. 18256/7	
Op. 15, No. 2	*Hofmann: unreleased HMV or: Allegro 1711*	31
	Hofmann: Brunswick 50044 —78 (1925)*	
	*Rachmaninoff: Victrola 6452—78**	
	(also interesting versions by Paderewski on Victrola, Busoni on Columbia, and Levitzki on HMV—all 78s)	
Op. 15, No. 3	*Rubinstein: Victor 14963 —78*	7
	Novaës: Vox 9632	
Op. 27, No. 1	*Rubinstein: Victor 14964 —78*	11
	Novaës: Vox 9632	
	Bukowska: West. 2231	
Op. 32, No. 1	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 6802*	10
	Kentner: Col. DX 1147—78	
Op. 32, No. 2	*Reisenberg: West. 18256/7*	9
	Istomin: Col. SL 226	
Op. 37, No. 2	*Novaës: Vox 9632*	9
	Reisenberg: West. 18256/7	
Op. 48, No. 1	*Rubinstein: Victor 14968— 78 and a completely different version on RCA LM 6802, more precise, but less spontaneous*	11
Op. 48, No. 2	*Zak: USSR UH 23856—78*	8
	Reisenberg: West. 2231	
Op. 55, No. 1	*Reisenberg: West. 2231*	9
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 6802	
Op. 55, No. 2	*Friedman: Col. DX 781 —78*	7
Op. 62, No. 1	*Rubinstein: Victor 14970 —78*	9
	Harasiewicz: Pathé DTX 171-5	

(Continued on page 61)



De Pachmann

Hofmann

Friedman

Novaes

Lipatti

Bakst

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The Chopin-Potocka Correspondence

ATTACKING THE prize-winning book on Chopin by Casimir Wierzynski, an eminent Polish author living in the United States, the London *Daily Telegraph* of April 21, 1951, said that this is the kind of book "to make Chopin wish he had never been born." Behind this statement lies an intriguing and significant chapter in the life of Poland's greatest composer, unsolved as yet by Chopin biographers and scholars. The case is the unexplored, controversial correspondence of Chopin with the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka, written between the years 1832 and the late Forties. For some 100 years this uninhibited correspondence was carefully guarded by Potocka's descendants, who were far more anxious to perpetuate the family name than historical truth. Persistent biographers have tried in vain to gain access to these letters; only one has succeeded in seeing a few isolated fragments. Excerpts first appeared in print in 1947, in Poland, revealed by a certain Mrs. Paulina Czernicka, one of Potocka's distant relatives. Unfortunately, Mrs. Czernicka was unable to produce originals of these letters, believed lost during World War II in Poland. She provided only typewritten copies. To confuse the episode into complete darkness, this key witness committed suicide two years later.

This material aroused extraordinary interest, not only for its disclosure of many valid statements on music and illuminating biographical facts, but because two letters (the only ones to raise doubts) contained some intimate passages written in an ultra-Rabelaisian manner (these, of course, unpublished). All but one of the letters are undated and consist primarily of loosely connected fragments totaling about 10,000 words (the erotic pages are in the minority). In one of them, for instance, Chopin expressed his curious view on the conflict he had discovered between his physical pleasures and his creative efforts; in another he compared the birth of a musical work to that of a child. In approximate translation, some phrases would read like this:

"Creating is like giving birth to a child; one woman suffers enormously, while another one will spit out a child like a fruit-pit. I give birth with great difficulty."

". . . They dared to say that you couldn't have a child since you have had too many lovers previously, and grass will not grow on a leveled pathway."

". . . I have just written one Prelude in which I have crowned our eleventh caprice." (Chopin obviously was referring to his seventeenth Prelude, which incidentally contains eleven organ-points.) Obviously, these letters were intended for one and one reader alone—Delphine—and Chopin once begged her to destroy them after she had read them.

Are these letters authentic? So far, two Polish musical authorities, who possess the best knowledge of the subject matter (and of the language), have quoted various fragments of the letters as authentic in books published in Poland since 1949. Moreover, the eminent Polish scholar, B. Sydow, sent translated excerpts to the New York publishers Macmillan, and they were included in the collection called "Frederic Chopin—1810-1849." One must mention still another Pole, Professor Mateusz Glinski, who assembled a remarkable quantity of supporting evidence, published a year ago in a reputable Polish musical periodical.

The entire case, however, has suffered the unfortunate hostility of a major authority, the English Chopin expert Arthur Hedley, whose dedication to Chopin earned high esteem in Poland. Hedley has unreservedly pronounced the Delphinean letters as "spurious." His objections: historical contradictions; commonplaces; repetitions; and vulgarity (unthinkable to him from "the Poet of the Piano"). He has advanced this opinion as indisputable fact in the 1955 edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music. He regarded the case closed by the suicide of Mrs. Czernicka, who, according to Hedley, "poisoned herself on being pressed to produce evidence." It was Hedley, also, who sent a leaflet to the London critics warning them in advance of false documentation they were about to encounter in the "forthcoming" Wierzynski book on Chopin which contained quotations from the letters to Potocka.

Why did this self-appointed censor choose to close this wide-open issue so promptly? The answer is suggested by his own book on Chopin (1947), where Chopin and Potocka are depicted only as friends, and their relationship is deemed worth only a few lines. Is it not possible that by "defending" Chopin's reputation, Hedley was actually defending his own reputation as a historian? As for Mrs. Czernicka's motives for suicide, those were apparent in her own letter to Wierzynski—she was beset by financial difficulties and approaching blindness. Her son was dying of tuberculosis. The use of her personal tragedy for another's personal ends needs no further comment.

To become convinced of Chopin's authorship, one first would have to be familiar with the person to whom the letters were addressed; then to learn more about Chopin's relationship with other women; finally to undertake a minute study of *all* existing Chopin correspondence in terms of style.

POTOCKA was a woman any artist would appreciate. Beautiful, talented, and titled, she was received in the most prominent artistic circles of Paris. It was no secret in those days that her Parisian lovers included Chopin, who had met her in 1830 in Dresden. It was also well known that the romantic instinct of this "Don Juan in petticoats" (a name given by another celebrated lover) did not diminish even with age. In these years Delphine was known to treasure and collect love letters, just as she collected their authors. It would be unfair to suspect that the physical aspects were the only rewarding ones in her friendships. The great Polish poet Krasinski, for instance, used Delphine as the model for his most inspiring masterpiece. Innumerable letters he sent her prove that he discussed with her intellectual subjects which he never touched upon with anyone else. This may explain why Chopin, who communicated with her for sixteen years, could have found in her an equally deserving confidante. That the usually careful Potocka did not destroy *his* letters is no source of wonder: to burn such unique documents would require much more courage and far less sensitivity than our Delphine possessed.

Perhaps the most curious point in this controversy concerns the stylistic analogy between the traditional Chopin letters and those written to Delphine. I have studied all of them in my native Polish, letter by letter and sentence by sentence: both groups of letters are colored by quite identical characteris-

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tics. By this I mean not only the rhythm, verve, and nuance of Chopin's original and often inimitable Mazurian idiom*, or his "philosophical" reflections, but by his typical, Chopinesque accents, neologisms, and puns. In his letter to Fontana (where he also describes one "most beautiful area in the world") we read: "Three of the most famous doctors in the entire island came to see me; one smelled what I spat; the second one tapped with his fingers wherefrom I spat; the third one groped over me and listened while I spat."

A letter to Delphine contains this passage: "Rellstab is criticizing me because I am pouring pepper into my works; so now after my Etudes he'll cough and sneeze and hem like mad—this isn't Czerny's sugary stuff."

In conventional letters: "Liszt will become a deputy, perhaps even a king in Abyssinia or the Congo, but as for his works, those will rest in diaries together with those two volumes of German poetry."

To Delphine: "Liszt, you know, takes someone else's works and administers himself a thick enema with them, after which with much effort and groaning . . . he makes his own works."

And, as for alleged commonplaces in these letters to Delphine: "An artist never loses sight of the thing as a whole. Above all there must be *suite* (continuity). He who goes too much into detail will find that the thread which holds the whole thing together will break and, instead of a necklace, single pearls will remain in his stupid hand."

THERE is no space for additional evidence to illustrate the remarkable analogy in all these passages, humorous, psychological, and personal, expressed in a mordant frankness and always to the point. As far as unprintable words are concerned, there are quite a few of them also in the traditional letters which have been retouched for years by embarrassed publishers (Chopin's idol, Mozart, wrote them too, and in a far more provocative manner!). There is a letter in which Chopin's father reproved his grown-up son for using certain words. Sceptics have argued that the striking similarities and repetitions they have discovered are suspicious. The same sceptics also argue that the Delphinean letters differ so much from traditional ones that *dissimilarity* creates suspicion. Does this "logic" seem satisfactory? Perhaps not to those for whom the Polish language is native and who prefer to examine these letters without prejudice (incidentally, among the traditional letters we find repetitious passages too). Even two Polish authorities contributed to this plethora of inconsistencies, and suddenly reversed their opinions to doubt. Some motives for these changes are understandable: one of them has expressed an ardent wish that the letters would eventually prove a fraud.

Now the most difficult problem and the only one that can be considered seriously; the chronological contradictions in some of the letters to Delphine. Naturally, if Chopin mentioned two visitors in the same letter who could not have been simultaneously in Paris, it calls for consideration. Some of these contradictions were clarified by Mr. Glinski, others by myself, with the exception of two, which—curiously enough—were included in "additional fragments" seen by Hedley alone. The inaccuracies I have faced evidently were caused by a careless person with poor eyesight (some say Mrs. Czernicka) who copied the letters hurriedly, linking unrelated fragments. The only date found in any of the letters—1840—might have been written illegibly by Chopin and attributed to a wrong letter altogether. Pressed for money, Mrs. Czernicka tried to sell her copies, while allowing scholars to hope that the originals would be provided later. This shifty behavior increased suspicions.

Despite these facts, musicologists asked themselves why anyone would fabricate so many isolated fragments instead of composing a few complete letters which undoubtedly would have more authenticity (and a higher price as well). To this Hedley has failed to give a reasonable answer. His theory that the letters were fabricated by a "nymphomaniac" around 1900 can only evoke an indulgent smile. Such a nymphomaniac would have to possess rare musical knowledge, covering pedagogy, improvisation, composition, Polish music, and an unfailing literary instinct to fabricate Chopin's style of writing as well as that of his eminent poet friends. She also would have to know many obscure facts about Chopin's life—in other words she would have to be a second Chopin. Certainly, hardly an imitator made this perceptive comparison: "Art must be a mirror of the national soul. A nature which reaches out for foreign art—because it is supposed to be better—will never see its own soul. Art is like clothing—that of somebody else will be too wide or too tight, even if it is most beautiful."

Everybody realizes that some magic discovery of the missing originals would be an ideal "scientific" solution. However, there are also circumstantial means of proof: several Bach works have been accepted as such without original manuscripts and we can only be grateful that these copies have survived. It was only an accident that Chopin's Stuttgart Diary, considered for years a forgery, was found later in a genuine holograph. Otherwise, today there would still be pedants to deny its authenticity.

Delphine Potocka as seen by Delaroche

IF the letters prove authentic, idealists have little reason to be upset about them. Chopin's personal virtue lies not exactly where some would prefer to find it. It is revealed in his affectionate and exemplary dedication to his family and devoted friends, not to speak of his music itself. If these letters contain any personal dissonances, they often enrich his total personality, just as the dissonances in his music make it still more appealing and add contrast. Let us conclude with Chopin's own (authentic) words: "When I reach hell, perhaps I can persuade some devil to take a big torch and go to the earth and burn out all of my keepsakes. I don't want my old pants being admired in museums. What I have best, my work, I have given, and no one should be interested in anything else."

—JAN HOLCMAN.

*Mazur: an inhabitant of Mazowsze, an area in central Poland, also linked with Mazurka.

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Recordings in Review

Reiner on Mahler's No. 4

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with Lisa Della Casa, soprano.* RCA Victor LM 2364, $4.98.

Doubtless there will be some fine recordings of Mahler in this centenary year of his birth, but hardly any of greater distinction than this one. For it combines meticulous workmanship with a deep penetration of substance, expressed through an orchestral ensemble of the first quality, a suitably superior soprano, and recording technics equal to all the challenges.

For those who recall when there was but a single, Reiner-conducted recording of Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" (on Columbia with Carol Brice) the conductor's contention that this performance of No. 4 should be "proof of my conversion" to the ranks of "True Believers" in Mahler will seem rather superfluous. (There was a version of "Das Lied von der Erde" with Richard Lewis and Christa Ludwig broadcast from Chicago a couple of years ago under his direction that confirmed the earlier "conversion.")

What Reiner has done here is not to find a more expressive image of Mahler's thought than some previous recorders have done, but to mate it with a cleaner, more transparent orchestral texture, a tighter sense of structure which makes for a highly integrated experience. By lightening the displacement of the music through the first three movements he has made the finale a more congruent part of the whole; and by preferring a soprano with Miss Della Casa's substance, he has added a dimension sacrificed when a lighter lyric voice is employed.

Lisa della Casa—"a congruent part of the whole."

This is not to say that this treatment outmodes or supersedes all previous ones. But when a conception so carefully considered is mated with so much solid workmanship, the outcome may be deservedly described as unique. Producer Richard Mohr and recording engineer Lewis Layton are entitled to a share of the credit for a highly satisfying totality.

Grieg by Flagstad

GRIEG: *"Efteraasstormen" ("Autumn Storm"), "Og jeg vil ha' mig en hjertenskjaer" ("And I want a sweetheart for myself"), "Jeg giver mit digt til varen" ("I Give My Poem to the Spring"), "Til en" Nos. 1 and 2 ("To One");* EGGEN: *"Aere det evige forar i livet" ("Honor to the Eternal Spring in Life");* ALNAES: *"Februarmorgen ved golfen" ("February Morning at the Gulf"), "Nu brister i alle de Klofter" ("Now Spring's in all the Crevasses"), "Vaarlaengsler" ("Longing for Spring"), "De hundrede violiner" ("The Hundred Violins");* LIE: *"Nykelen" ("The Key"), "Skinnvengbrev" ("A Bat's Letter"). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with London Symphony conducted by Oivin Fjeldstad.* London OS 25103, $5.98.

Could one ask for a more satisfying musical experience? A dozen notable songs, not one of them likely to be known by any but specialists in this idiom, powered by the fulness of Flagstad's unfaltering vocal resources, illuminated by that beaming spiritual sun which seems to heighten and intensify as time passes. Though it is nearly sixty-five years since Flagstad's birth (July 12, 1895) and forty-seven since she began to sing professionally, very little betrays a vocalist not in her absolute prime save a little shortness at the top. All those who are recording full-length cycles and singing leading opera roles today in their twenties can count themselves lucky if they have only half the career-span which has been hers!

The quality of the Grieg songs (even when they are not so-called masterpieces) may be taken for granted, as those of Alnaes will be by those who have been fortunate to encounter some in other recordings. For others, it may be noted that he derives from Grieg, but has his own strongly personal melodic and harmonic idiom. Not the least interest in the disc derives from the works of Harald Lie, a native of Oslo who died of tuberculosis at the age of forty, but not without first writing some beautiful songs. "Skinnvengbrev" is the most dramatic and carefully elaborated of the dozen on this record, and would be a work of quality whoever signed it. And the pealing B at the climax is evidence of Flagstad's latent reserve when she chooses to utilize it.

In addition to the credit reflected on songs and singer, the disc speaks much for Fjeldstad, who has not been heard so advantageously in other things he has done. Only five of the twelve were orchestrated by the composers, but the others (by Valdar) are equally appropriate.

Nilsson's Isolde (In Part)

WAGNER: *Prelude and "Mild und leise," "Weh! ach wehe!" Birgit Nilsson, soprano, Grace Hoffman, mezzo soprano, and the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch.* London OS 25138, $5.98.

For those who haven't heard Nilsson's Isolde—or, for that matter, for those who have—this may be recommended as the best recorded likeness of her abilities yet provided. This is especially true of Side 1, even though Knappertsbusch's deliberate Prelude (9 minutes, 55 seconds) seems to stretch out endlessly across the intervening distance to the end of Act III. He also provides a lava-like flow of sound on which the broad tones of Nilsson are borne to an enveloping climax.

However, the treatment of the "Narrative" (beginning with the words of Brangaene noted above and concluding with Isolde's "Der Trank ist's, der mir taugt!") leaves one less satisfied. Nilsson pours forth the abundance of voice for which she has become celebrated, and modulates it superbly for the more intimate moments of "Von einem Kahn," nor can there be anything but admiration for the detail sketched in by Knappertsbusch behind "Von seinem Lager" and the affecting measures that follow. But he truly ritards the drama as well as the music in his plodding pace at places marked "Wieder sehr lebhaft" (or "molto vivace, come prima"), or "schneller." This depletes, rather than builds, intensity.

Grace Hoffman acquits herself well in the requirements of Brangaene, though her name is all but left off the label, so small is it and so inconspicuously placed. The microphone placement favors the orchestra at the expense of the voices, which sound too far away, never squarely in aural focus.

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Toscanini Talks

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO ARTURO TOSCANINI. *Commentary by Marcia Davenport, with excerpts from Mozart's "Magic Flute" Overture, Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, and Verdi's "La Traviata."*

Those who have envied more fortunate friends the possession of privately circulated excerpts from Toscanini rehearsals (in which the hard work of practicing perfection was constantly illuminated, and sometimes inflamed, by his verbal incitements) need envy them no longer. Here are excerpts from three different, typical occasions pieced together with commentary by his longtime admirer Marcia Davenport, and reproduced as it was delivered for a gathering of friends in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum on the first anniversary of his death, January 17, 1958. It can be acquired *only* by a tax-deductible contribution of $25 (or more) to the Musicians Foundation, Inc. (address secretary-treasurer Clyde Burrows, 131 Riverside Drive, New York 24, N. Y.).

Relentless, extorting, explaining, commanding, compelling—the Toscanini technic of achieving his objectives is sharply mirrored in these excerpts. Though Mrs. Davenport states that the legends of his "terrible temper" are "exaggerated," it is clear that even in the more temperate examples, the fire is only banked, threatening at any moment to flare up. Of course, the work of getting the double basses to play their famous passage in the introduction to the finale of the Ninth to his satisfaction *had* to be patient and painstaking (as it is delineated here, with Toscanini intoning the orchestral parts, coaching them note by note, assisted from time to time by his celloistic disciple, Frank Miller), but when all the pieces were shaped, it was not a deep-freeze that

(*Continued on page 53*)

Vickers—"vocal command not often heard."

Beecham's "Messiah," and Handel's

TAKEN FOR what it is, the "Messiah" on RCA Victor LDS 6409 ($25.98) is one of the finest accomplishments to the credit of Sir Thomas Beecham in a long line of notable phonographic endeavors. Though ful and passionate, reserved and outspoken by turns, it gives us—with the aid of a fine vocal quartet especially blessed by two such fine male singers as Jon Vickers and Giorgio Tozzi—a comprehensive view of a work whose size and complexity more often result in stagnation than animation.

No one acquainted with Beecham's work needs to be told that this is no devotional exercise, but a vibrant musical experience, in which a rare and inspiring vitality prevails from first to last. This applies as much to the introspective quiet of the "Pifa" sinfonia as to the massive outpourings of the "Amen" chorus. For it requires no less strength of will to produce the pianississimo of the one from the strings than it does the full-throated outburst of the chorus in the other.

In his phonographic debut Vickers is expressive and musicianly, with a clarity in delivery of the English text closely matched by Tozzi. The latter delivers the roulades of "Why do the nations" with as much assurance as Vickers does the involutions of "Comfort ye" in a matching demonstration of vocal command not often heard from singers of such power. Jennifer Vyvyan's clear voice is also a little cool for my taste, but she is an artist who does her work more than acceptably. The weakest element is Monica Sinclair, whose mezzo tones tend to become heavy and without luster.

By contrast with his previous "Messiah," in which choruses of expanding and contracting size were utilized, the present group is somewhat between very large and very small. Moreover, its voices are carefully selected and very well blended, so that "All we like sheep" can be taken at a tailwagging tempo, without stragglers. "For unto us" has a delightful lightness and momentum, without sacrificing the power required for the outbursts of "Wonderful." No doubt, voices are added for "Hallelujah" and "Worthy is the lamb," but the relative proportions are preserved.

Thus, in all matters bearing on the execution, this conforms to the best expectations. But what of the much-discussed "edition," decreed, in the conductor's judgment, to amend the lean if not hungry look of the original?

For the most part it is neither obtrusive nor capricious, though anyone acquainted with "Messiah" would recognize, from page 4 of the Peters score forward, that there is more to this "Messiah" than met Handel's ear. The first noticeable change is the addition of horn and low trumpets to fill out the sonorities at the end of the opening "symphony." Thereafter the inclination is to add a trumpet (doubling the oboe an octave above) to brighten and strengthen the orchestral elements contra the choral forces; timpani to bolster the bass or mark an internal rhythm; an oboe to take the violin line in "How beautiful are the feet"; or a horn to prop up the bassoon.

For the most part, I find these not merely non-offensive, but contributory to a more varied sound. Where, it strikes me, Beecham has, like the sheep, gone astray, is in the addition of such instruments of more contemporary sound as the harp, or the cymbal, or in the overuse of timpani. I didn't care for the rumbling of the bass drum in "Why do the nations." Tozzi's voice, plus the Handel figurations, are quite capable of conveying the nations raging "furiously together" on their own.

In other words, where Beecham has confined himself to completing the tonal design provided by Handel (in many instances, according to the composer's own practice *elsewhere* in this work) he has done well. Where he has inclined to add *effects* (including, at one point, an inner counterpoint transferred from bassoon to timpani) he has clashed with the esthetics of the whole.

In the round, however, there is far more that is stimulating than disturbing. For pages and pages, nothing is added or inserted: and for many other pages, the additions are soundly dictated. Those who avoid this "Messiah" as Beechamesque rather than Handelian will be denying themselves a great though sometimes flawed performance. Fine vocal-orchestral balance and a bright timbre suitable to the subject distinguish the recording. Housing the whole is a warmly colorful container, together with a brochure of Botticelli, Dürer, Mantegna, El Greco, etc., reproductions of super-Soria quality.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Suite No. 2 (1943 revision). Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90098, $5.95.	With or without respect to the revision of 1943 (mostly, so we are informed, related to the last two movements), this is a work of absorbing interest. Its lyric freshness and strong motivation (plus overtones of Strauss and Debussy) proclaim Bartók's gifted nature, while there are distinctly personal formulations and usages which foreshadow some of the remarkable works of his later life. In this retrospect, the latter stand out as a reversion to impulses of his younger days rather than as completely new developments. Dorati's performance is warmly sympathetic, the reproduction close to perfection.
Bartók: Concertos Nos. 2 and 3. György Sándor, with Pro Musica, Wien, conducted by Michael Gielen. Vox 511490, $5.95.	A fitting complement to the preceding, in that it embodies a work of Bartók's middle years (1933) with one of his last—indeed, the last seventeen measures of the third concerto were executed, from sketches, by Tibor Serly after the composer's death. Sándor, who played it at its first hearing in 1946, is a no less effective interpreter here. Bright, clean reproduction, though sometimes overpartial to the piano.
Bayer: "Die Puppenfee"; Adam: "Giselle" (excerpts); Ponchielli: "Dance of the Hours" ("La Gioconda"). Paul Walter conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic BC 1055, $5.98.	Given the kind of performance contrived by Walter and his Vienna associates, the gentle charm and infectious gaiety of Bayer's writing still possess qualities to reward the attention. He is particularly adept in the more delicate moments which might sound unduly artless in some less knowing treatment. The "Giselle" excerpts are done, though a little helter-skelter in choice, for those who know the ballet; the Ponchielli is penalized by lack of orchestral virtuosity. Satisfying sound.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C minor. Glenn Gould, piano, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6096, $5.98.	"Incomparable" is not a word to be lightly dispensed, but the mutuality of Gould and Bernstein's view of this work, plus its suitability to the subject, make for an experience as spirited as it is spiritual, and as invigorating as it is intellectual. In this musical tug of war, the equal disposition of forces on both sides sustains tension without one or the other giving ground. The more the pity, then, that the overside "notes" are mostly about Beethoven's deafness, and very little about the work, not even about the question of whose cadenza is used (B's no doubt). Spacious, room-filling sound, a little heavy on the percussion.
Boccherini: Concerto in B flat; Vivaldi: Concerto in D; Vivaldi-Bach: Concerto in G. Antonio Janigro and the Solisti: di Zagreb. RCA Victor LM 2365, $4.98.	Suavity is the predominant quality of Janigro's highly inflected kind of cello playing, but it has plentiful strength as well. In addition to his own excellent qualities, the kind of ensemble which prevails with his gifted associates makes for a musical experience not common in this repertory (or any other). The works are all of tested quality (Janigro uses the Grützmacher edition of Boccherini), with the slow movement of the Vivaldi in D outstanding. English recording, and highly skillful.
Gounod: Symphony No. 1; Bizet: Symphony in C. Robert Irving conducting the New York City Ballet Orchestra. Kapp LP 9039, $3.98.	The special circumstances relating these two works (Bizet modeled his closely on the one of Gounod, whose premiere early in the same year he greatly admired) are engagingly set forth by Howard Shanet in his annotation. But Bizet's diffidence, for this reason, about permitting his work to be heard—it was not rediscovered until the 1930s—is clearly unfounded. It exceeds its pleasant predecessor work in spirit as well as craftsmanship, attaining a distinction quite its own. Robert Irving has a friendly feeling for both, exposing their salient merits in practiced fashion. Excellent sound.
Haydn: Concertos for Trumpet (E flat) and Horn (D). Rolf Reinhardt conducting the Pro Musica Orchestra of Stuttgart, with Walter Gleisle, trumpet, and Karl Arnold, horn. Vox STDL 500480, $5.95.	Though less familiar than the trumpet concerto, the work for horn is also music of Haydnesque quality, if more sombre in mood and color (especially the slow movement) than its outgoing companion piece. Of the soloists, Gleisle achieves a more agreeable result than Arnold, which is related less to their skills—both are qualified performers—than to the relative difficulties of the two instruments. Because in this case Arnold is partial to the heavy sound of the "German" French horn, a sizable problem in manipulation results. Reinhardt's orchestra is efficient, the reproduction satisfactory.
Respighi: "Fountains of Rome"; Smetana: "Bartered Bride" overture, dances; Weinberger: "Schwanda" Polka and Fugue; Glinka: "Jota Aragonesa." Sir Eugene Goossens conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol SG 7199, $5.98.	None of this music is exactly restful, and the combination, in the kind of pyrotechnical display favored by Goossens, tends to be a bit blinding, aurally speaking. Even more disturbing are some of his interpretative inclinations: for if this is the way the "Fountains" were meant to sound then Toscanini is not merely wrong, but totally misguided. On the whole it is tiresome to condemn so experienced a conductor as Goossens for doing what he well knows he is doing—overflowing for effect and cheap dazzle.
Stravinsky: Concerto. Ivry Gitlis, violin, with Harold Byrns conducting the Concerts Colonne Orchestra; Berg: Concerto. Gitlis, with the Pro Musica, Wien, directed by William Strickland. Vox PL 10760, $4.98.	Taken together, this reissue (in a new coupling) of two previously released performances is by far the most favorable presentation of Gitlis's gifts yet provided—a tribute to his taste, musicianship and artistic attributes, as well as to his violinistic skills (his tone is rather slight). Of the two, the Stravinsky is the more successful, a result, in part, of Byrns's adroit participation. Strickland's background for the Berg is more vague, less specific in its coloristic detail.
Sibelius: "Humoresques" (Op. 87b and 89); Sarasate: "Zigeunerweisen," "Carmen" Fantasy; Tchaikovsky; "Sérénade Mélancolique." Aaron Rosand, violin, with Sudwestdeutsch (Baden-Baden) Rundfunk orchestra conducted by Tibor Szöke. Vox PL 11600, $4.98.	Rosand's enterprise in seeking out these virtually unknown works of 1917 (six in all) is complemented by the conscientious artistry he applies to them. Lesser Sibelius, to be sure (sometimes suggestive of the incidental music for the "Tempest") but nevertheless handcrafted, imaginatively designed, and with some delightful surprises, musically. Deftness and sensitivity are Rosand's principal assets, rather than bravura, but he is a sympathetic player. Smallish orchestra, close-up solo miking.
Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty" (complete). Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CSA 2304, $4.98.	One could scarcely hear the notes of this score played more cleanly or precisely, as rarely heard at a ballet performance. Ansermet tends to be somewhat matter of fact about the "action" sections, but the great ensembles and *divertissements* are beautifully played. Typically good London stereo. —Irving Kolodin.

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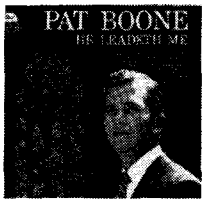

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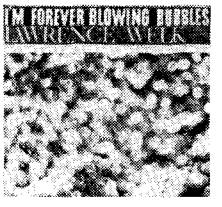

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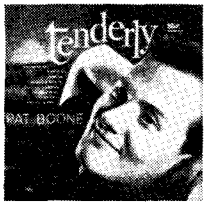

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz: "Sevilla." "Cordoba"; Granados: "Goyescas," etc. La Argentina, castanets. Odéon 1023, $4.98.	Though the lithesome figure of La Argentina (Antonia Mercé) ceased to exist years ago, there is an evocation of her grace and femininity in these choice examples of the castanet playing she did as she danced. As even casual attention discloses, they are capable of much more than the toneless rattle sometimes associated with them: and sharp listening will reveal a range of inflection and accent close to verbal. Included, beyond those mentioned, are dances from Falla's "Vida Breve" and the "Serenade Andalouse," Turina's "Andalouse Sentimentale," Granados's "Jota Valenciana." The early Thirtyish recording is fair enough.
Bach, K.P.E.: Symphony (D), Trio (B minor) Symphony (B minor), Quartet. Mainzer Kammerorchester, Günter Kehr conducting. Vox DL 463, $5.95.	More than historical interest (though there is plenty of that) attaches to these works, which span the years from 1730 to 1788. Karl Philipp Emanuel, one of the most resourceful musicians of his time, might have been better known today had he borne some other name. This, of course, was the price of his heritage, which he honors in every respect. Kehr knows how to evoke vitality and precision from his players, who include Klaus Pohlers, flute, Georg Schmid, viola, Reinhold Buhl, cello, and Martin Galling, harpsichord. Excellent recording, though sometimes so resonant that definition suffers.
Beethoven: "Abscheulicher!" ("Fidelio") and "Ah! Perfido"; Weber: "Ozean, du Ungeheuer" ("Oberon") and "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" ("Freischütz"); Mozart: "Or sai chi l'onore." Birgit Nilsson, soprano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Heinz Wallberg. Angel 35719, $4.98.	Impressive as the Nilsson voice is in every one of these, they are nevertheless below the standard of singing of which she is now capable. Her big sound is admirably modulated in "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" but the turns in the fast-moving coda are uneven, not as well articulated as they might be. In addition, "Or sai chi l'onore" is taken at so slow a pace that the tension and drama it contains are sapped away. Both Beethoven scenes are magnificently sung, in the grand manner of their composition. Wallberg's work, as the foregoing comments suggest, is erratic and not what Nilsson's kind of artistry merits. Fine reproduction.
Duparc: Sixteen songs. Hélène Bouvier, soprano. with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. Pathé DTX 278, $5.95.	Skill and sensitivity are equally evident in Bouvier's refined, beautifully controlled performances. She traces the surface of each melodic line with an appealing (if somewhat worn) mezzo sound, while not ignoring the depths of meaning below. One is rarely privileged to hear a composer's total output (Duparc gave up composing at twenty-six, though he lived forty-eight years thereafter) performed with such consistency of style and mood. Included are "Phidylé," "Extase," "L'Invitation au Voyage," as well as every other song associated with his name. Mme. Bonneau is the equal of her associate in artistry and expressivity. Clean, resonant sound.
Fauré: "Clair de lune," "Notre amour," "Au Cimetière," "Au bord de l'eau," "Mandoline"; Poulenc: "Main dominée par le coeur," "Miroirs Brulants," "Ce doux petit visage"; Strauss: "Allerseelen," etc.; Wolf: "Der Gärtner," etc. Leontyne Price, soprano, with David Garvey, piano. RCA Victor LM 2270, $4.98.	In addition to her fine-sounding, well disciplined voice, Miss Price has a gift for singing which is not always mated with good vocal material. Either in French or German she conveys a superior understanding of all the songs with her artful combination of verbal and musical values. Qualitatively she fares better with the German than the French material, Strauss's "Schlagende Herzen" and "Freundliche Vision" both coming close to maximum effect. And a performer who can deliver Wolf's "Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt" with so much controlled intensity could do much, in the future, with the song literature. The one complaint would relate to the continuous use of one bright vocal quality; some of the songs would have profited by a deeper, more vibrant sound. Garvey is a capable pianist, if not the most subtle hand at sketching a tonal background.
Gluck: "Der Betrogene Kadi." Bernhard Paumgartner conducting, with Ruth Nixa, Zdenka Djeri, Elisabeth Schonauer, Richard van Vrooman, Wladimir Smid-Kowar, and Hans von Welz. Epic BC 1062, $5.98.	As those who are acquainted with his "Pilgrim von Mekka" are aware, there is more to Gluck than the serious side for which he is celebrated. In this work of 1761 (the year before "Orfeo") he flirts lightly with two scheming girls and the Cadi they dupe (the French title is "Le Cadi Dupé") in a manner that foreshadows Mozart's "Entführung" of twenty years later. Paumgartner has the style in the hollow of his hand, causing the music to flow and cascade, dance and sing delightfully. All the voices are suitably suave-sounding, and the reproduction is excellent. Aside from providing the German and English texts, the liner is mum on the work or its origins.
Schubert: Sonatinas (D minor, A minor, G minor), Sonata in A (Op. 162). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with Riccardo Castagnone, piano. Epic LC 3609, $4.98.	Where records by Grumiaux are concerned, even a word is not necessary to the wise, for his personal standard has yet to waver from high quality. In this value-packed disc, Grumiaux traces the line of Schubert's four works created in 1816-17 (the "high" opus number of the Sonata is meanlingless as a guide to chronology). He thus provides a comprehensive view of the composer's ardent spirit and fertile mind adapting themselves to a pair of instruments he favored all too infrequently thereafter. The lesser known of the four works (the Sonatas in G and A minor) have no lapses to justify neglect. In the manner of the Epic liner noted above, this one leaves us in the dark about a matter of prime interest: who is Grumiaux's excellent new pianist Riccardo Castagnone, and are they mated permanently? Fine reproduction, in any case.
Schubert: "Die Schöne Müllerin." Aksel Schiotz, tenor, with Gerald Moore, piano. Denmark Odéon MOAK 1 (KALP 11), $5.95.	Those who missed this notable performance during its last incarnation (an RCA disc issued in 1952) will want to avail themselves of this opportunity, especially as the Danish pressing is of excellent quality. The Schiotz voice is by no means prepossessing, but what he does with it goes to the heart of Schubert's purpose—which is to say, to the heart of the listener. For that matter, Moore's piano playing is a sermon on this subject in itself. The sound is a little faded, but quite good enough for the mutual values to assert themselves.
Wagner: "Dich' teure Halle," "Elsa's Traum," "Du bist der Lenz." Aase Nordmo-Loevberg, soprano, with Philharmonia conducted by Walter Susskind; Verdi: "Salce! Salce," "Tu che le vanità" ("Don Carlos"), etc. Warwick Braithwaite conducting. Angel 35715, $4.98.	Whether impersonating Elsa or Elisabeth, Elisabetta or Desdemona, this Norwegian singer tends to a bland, mostly expressionless way, getting little from her ample voice to reach the listener's reaction centers—mind, spine, heart, etc. Insufficient attention to word values and a limited sense of vocal coloration are also constraints on her effectiveness. Here and there, as in the "Don Carlos" aria, she shapes an expressive phrase, but someone must teach her many more if her records are to be listenable. I. K.

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Records in Review

Continued from page 49

fused them! Nor is the whack of the baton on the score at the end of the "Traviata" excerpt for purposes of scattering dust. Now that Walter Toscanini has kindly made his father's mode of work a part of the public record (he has donated a quantity of these records to the Musicians Foundation, with the proceeds to be utilized for its welfare fund) perhaps RCA Victor can be persuaded, for some such worthy cause, to allow its treasure house of tapes to be reviewed for additional documentation.

The Playing's the Thing

SCHULTZE: *Sonata in E minor;* QUANTZ: *Duet in D;* TELEMANN: *Sonata in D;* STAMITZ: *Duet in A. Julius Baker and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flutists.* Washington WR 419, $4.98.

Fiddlesticks to the string fanciers for their Stern-Oistrakh records—yes, even their legendary Kreisler-Zimbalist duet! Here is something that a man with a taste for real virtuosity can get his teeth into—a meeting not only of minds but also of skills, artistry, and scholarship in a group of works rarely, if ever, audible in the past under such conditions as prevail here.

As is reasonably well known, Baker is a native of Cleveland, a product of William Kincaid and the Curtis Institute, seasoned in the Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Chicago Orchestras, and now director of woodwind studies at Juilliard as well as a frequent performer with the Bach Aria Group and other specialists. Rampal, by contrast, was born in Marseilles, destined for a medical career, but eventually enticed into music (his father, like Baker's, was also a flutist). A first prize-winner at the Paris Conservatory, he has "assisted" in some of the best postwar recordings from France.

In this broad survey of double fluting, Baker and Rampal not only phrase, flutter for flutter, in perfect intonation, matching vibratos and emphases in unsullied precision—they also breathe in unison. Nevertheless, their varying backgrounds is suggested in the coloration of the sounds they produce—Baker's brighter, more silvery, Rampal's slightly more mellow, woody. As the four works are unaccompanied, no other sound intrudes on theirs—which is as it should be. The varied quartet of works has solid merits of its own, but here, one might say, the playing's the thing. And a very good thing it is too (or two). Clean sound, though the attack on the microphone sometimes is a blast in the grooves.

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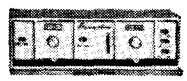

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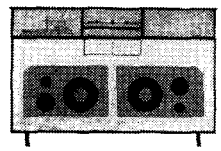

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Israel in Speech, Song, and Story

By Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

IN A MOMENT of "high opportunity and deadly danger," the modern state of Israel was established by official proclamation on Sabbath Eve, May 14, 1948, at Tel Aviv. We learn this, and much more, from the United Artists LP, "Israel Speaks" (UAL 9002, $5.98). In it, Eleanor Roosevelt narrates warmly from a script by Millard Lampell, setting up the background for a number of excerpts from speeches by Abba Eban made during the ten years that have followed founding day.

The record has two decidedly interesting stories to tell: both emerge through skillful interweaving of narration and the selected speeches. One story develops in a straight line, factually, as both Eleanor Roosevelt and Eban speak of Israel and of the problems, frustrations, and forward steps known to the state since its inception. We learn that the territory is no larger than the state of New Hampshire; that its geography is situated "in the hills of Galilee, the plains of Sharon, and the wilderness of Negev"; that it comprises forest and field, mountain and desert, many square miles of which are as yet undeveloped.

We learn, in chronological sequence, of the many threats confronting a small state established in the postwar era; of the migrations to Israel that began in 1949, reaching a peak at a time when as many as twenty-three persons per hour crossed into its borders—refugees from all over the world (they came from seventy-four different countries).

Along the way, Eban points up similarities between Israel of the twentieth century and the United States of the late eighteenth: "A nation of immigrants cannot be a conservative one." He compares the pioneering spirit of Israel with our own, and with this comparison, Mrs. Roosevelt quotes briefly from a quite apposite letter written by an American pioneer on November 12, 1848.

In religion, Eban underlines the proud role of his people as "authors of Judaeo-Christian civilization." He uncovers resemblances between those who sought religious freedom in the New World, and those who are now returning to a much older world, the site and locus of much of our religious and ethical inspiration, in search of similar freedoms. The recording concludes with a probing analysis of the role for peace of smaller states in a world dominated by prodding imperialism, and with the hopeful assertion that Israel will pioneer as well in constructive use of atomic energy.

The other story is one that is, unfortunately, too much underlined by Lampell's script; it emerges quite clearly without our having to be told. It is that Eban is a potent, highly intelligent, and able spokesman for his country, and that this record, through his personality, takes on the dimension of a document telling of the founding and growth of a nation. It is a summit briefing from the man who knows. His own delivery tells us that, although the too frequent encomiums bestowed upon Eban by the script come dangerously close to fuddling the matter with overstatement.

Though not so designed, this LP does serve to throw light on a series of recordings taken in Israel by Deben Bhattacharya. These come in four volumes entitled "In Israel Today" (Westminster WF 12026 through 12029, $4.98 each). In the preparation of these volumes, which are compressed from countless hours of field recordings, Bhattacharya had assistance from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Kol Israel, Jerusalem, and from the Embassy of Israel, London.

The revelations emerging from Bhattacharya's collection of tapes are musical concretizations and elaborations of larger historical facts set forth by Eban: Israel now exists as a meeting ground for an extraordinary complex of cultural expressions. Many are rooted in the past, and—as one might expect in a non-conservative environment—many are already undergoing change due to exposures to each other.

In one of his speeches, Eban refers to "the collective survival of the Jewish people," characterizing it as "a rare event in history." At this moment of history, the recordings assembled for "In Israel Today" are eloquent musical demonstrations, both of the survivals of dispersed Jewish musics that have returned to Israel, and of the "collective survival" of those persons who have returned.

Volume I of "In Israel Today" presents songs and dances of the Jews from Bukhara, Uzbekistan, and Cochin; Volume II, music of the Jews from Morocco; Volume III, songs of the Jews from Yemen, the Atlas Mountains, Tunisia, and Spain; Volume IV, music of the Jews from Eastern Europe (Side 1) and "A Community Concert" (Side 2), wherein all voices can be heard blending in popular contemporary songs at an evening's get-together of settlers at Moshav Meiron, in the northwest beyond Upper Galilee, with instrumental music supplied by the Police Band of Tel Aviv. The accompanying booklet is illustrated with a map; many fine photographs of instruments, performers, and locales help the listener.

There is such a flowing parade of diversified material, as the series goes from side to side and band to band, that it would be impossible to pay particular attention, here, to each unit in the generous harvest of selections. Suffice to report that our ears were intrigued by certain among them, and these are lifted out of context and mentioned at random. In the representations of music from Bukhara, four rhythms from a pair of drums called the Doira, played by a woman, are elaborate and spirited; the stringed instruments making up a number of improvisational selections are extremely subtle and the results, even to ears untrained to the various modes, are pleasing. The Chang has forty-two strings, tuned in sets of three; the Tambur, four strings; the Kamancha, three strings played with a bow.

WITH music from Uzbek, the same instrumentation prevails, but with addition on occasion of a brass flute with six finger stops. The music from Cochin (made by the Jews who have immigrated from the Malabar Coast of South India) is vocal and liturgical. Perhaps the liveliest music encountered in the collection is that of the Jews from Morocco. Instruments employed are: the Quanun, a sort of zither of seventy-eight strings; the 'Ud, with five pairs of two strings; the tambourine, violin, and Darabukka drum (hourglass-shaped clay with parchment head). "Maquam Hijaz," a song sung and played before Huppah, and "Shikka" both display fire and originality with very engaging instrumental play.

The sampling of music from Yemen is largely vocal, because instrumental music was forbidden by the rulers of Saudi Arabia. Exceptions occurred when these repressed people beat on metal eating plates and kerosene tins (Volume III, Side 1, Bands 3, 4, and 5).

The music from Tunisia and Spain shows Arabic and Spanish influence; a most engaging "Market Song" (Volume IV, Side 2, Band 6) is rendered by a male soloist with responses from

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a chorus of girls. The usual comparisons are drawn between the girls and the fruit the vender is peddling—the whole episode would not be out of place as a roguish moment in an opera by Mozart.

Liturgical songs in Hebrew, by the Jews who have come from Eastern Europe, make up all of Volume IV, Side 1. The singers are from Ukraine and Hungary. The community sing at Moshav Meiron provides a bridge from the traditional folk material that has made up the bulk of the collection, to songs which are culled from an emerging repertoire of music that might be called "popular-national." That is, they are sung by all throughout the nation; they are written, and published, yet they derive from many sources. A revealing sequence (Volume IV, Side 2, Band 3) occurs when a singer on the platform instructs the audience how to follow her, and how to pronounce the words "Ayil Ben Karnayim." The many tongues, inflections, and voices that have come to Israel are thus being united in a "group" or "national" expression.

Finally, to complement the many composites of Israel that come through speech and song and instrumental music, there is an LP produced under the title "The Sounds of Jerusalem" (Folkways FW 855, $5.95). It was conceived, edited, and recorded by Yehuda Lev, with technical direction by Yaakov Dar. Through sound captured on portable tape equipment, it gives a residents'-ear survey of the city in its blending of many sounds, many voices, many peoples.

There are short aural snatches of street cries, cries summoning people to prayer, cries and curses of newsboys and venders. There are fragments of ceremonial and tribal musics—one from a Yemenite wedding, another from a Bokharian funeral, one from a Kurdistan family playing the reed flute and Miriam drum. There are prayers and incantations, lectures and exhortations; school children at play and at lessons. Again, one feels the persistence of effort that is being put forth to establish a speaking language and a community feeling in a city that has struggled with many identities for many centuries.

The narration, which does a great deal to bind together the many strands of the city's life, concludes: "Through the streets of the city a man walks. He too keeps watch over Jerusalem, for was it not written: 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, may they prosper that love thee. . . . For the sake of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.'

"This man has walked a long way, but at last he has come home."

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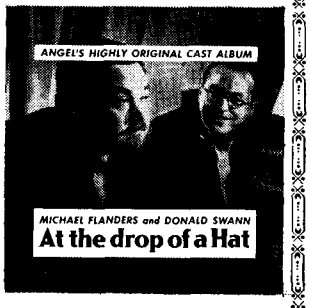

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Concert in Space

By Michael O'Connell

THE FIRST musical satellite was orbited, fittingly enough, by Austria. When the poignant notes of a Mozart violin sonata sang down from space on the frequency announced by the Austrian government, scientists and officials in Washington and Moscow were stunned. Austria had put a man into orbit! And a musician at that.

Quickly sceptical voices arose. It must be a tape recording that the world heard fiddling up there. This was no great feat when every country had at least one satellite launching pad and rockets that worked.

But on its third passage the violin switched to "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and a radio station in Vienna introduced Professor Hans Himmelhoch, inventor of the Himmelhoch Universal Musical Instrument Virtuoso, Mechanical-Electronic. The professor, a kindly-sounding old gentleman, explained that this marvelous device with its powerful mouthpiece and sensitive tentacles was able to play any musical instrument. Not only could it play; it was a virtuoso of the first order and its repertory, given the appropriate electronic inputs, was without limit.

"As you can hear," said the professor, "my invention is circling above us at this moment playing an actual violin. Not a Stradivarius, perhaps, but an excellent instrument. The music of the spheres is no longer a dream. It is real.

"I give this invention free to any country asking it," continued the professor, "so we can make heavenly music together. But there is one stipulation: no patriotic, no martial music. Play nice."

Immediately musical scientists flocked to Vienna, governments stamped musical scores TOP SECRET, and renowned conductors were spirited away from rehearsals by tight-lipped men in trench coats.

At night searchlights glared on launching pads around the world, throwing into gaunt relief gantry cranes beside a hundred rockets pointing skyward. From behind the barred gates came mysterious sounds—chimes, tootlings, twanging, squeaks, crashing chords.

Then, simultaneously, on opposite sides of the world two great rockets roared aloft and three hours later in almost identical broadcasts the United States and the Soviet Union each announced that it had launched a musical satellite containing a grand piano. Sure enough, the noble chords of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata could be heard approaching, swelling overhead, and fading, followed shortly after by the same music passing over in the opposite direction.

Listeners were confused. Which piano was whose? The two governments were as flustered as women wearing identical hats to a cocktail party. Orders crackled from headquarters. On the next trip around one piano was pounding out excerpts from Khatchaturian's "Gayne" ballet and the other working at Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Meanwhile, in Italy tests were being conducted in an effort to make the Himmelhoch machine sing. This was found to be impossible so, rather disgusted, Italy orbited an accordion which with fine Italian *brio* squeezed out everything from Verdi to "O Sole Mio."

The next day England and France astonished everyone with a remarkable act of international courtesy. France sent up an English horn and England a French horn, though it is true that the English French horn was playing "Greensleeves" and the French English horn "Sur le Pont d'Avignon."

By then the music was going full blast. Up went a guitar from Spain throbbing with De Falla, Yugoslavia sent a flute, Brazil a saxophone, Czechoslovakia an oboe, Mexico a kettledrum, and Luxembourg had a piccolo frisking along with the growing crowd. The ensemble was a little short on brass until four trumpets, a tuba, and nine trombones made the scene from such varied points as Argentina, New Zealand, Sweden, Costa Rica, Rumania, and nine other countries who couldn't seem to tell their trombones apart.

But who had launched the ophicleide? No one ever put in a claim as it circled the world forlornly. Even the lugubrious melody it blatted was never identified.

The rest of the world had not been sitting around waiting for an intermission. India's lute-like *sitar* was one of the first instruments into orbit, though Professor Himmelhoch's device burned out some transistors changing its improvisations to conform to the traditional *raga*—or mood for each time of day—when it was orbiting the globe every ninety-six minutes. A *shinobue* from Japan spread its soft and melancholy notes. China's two-stringed violin, the *hú-chin*, shrilled through excerpts from the opera "Romance of the West Chamber," and Turkey's combination of its oboe-ish *zurna* and the *davul*, bass drum, had the electronic virtuoso working its tentacles down to the connecting rods.

Ghana sent up a *lanku*, Egypt a *rebab*, Morocco an *al 'ud*, and up from the Sudan whirled a magnificent drum thundering such incredible rhythms that one country on the verge of launching a set of tympani settled for a glockenspiel instead.

Two marimbas shot up from the Far East to join the one from Cuba—a *ronéat-ek* from Cambodia and a Javanese *gambang gansa*. Then Ireland added a harp playing the old Gaelic song "I Know Where I'm Going," causing a great uproar in Dublin pubs between those who thought the song very appropriate and a group who argued, "Sure, if you are in orbit you aren't really going anywhere."

Things were getting crowded up there and the conglomeration of sounds coming down didn't resemble music, but still the rockets blasted up with instruments: a harpsichord from Germany playing Bach, another piano from Poland (for Chopin), a clarinet from Switzerland, a cello from Israel . . . but it was becoming impossible to keep track. Radio frequencies selected for musical satellite tracking poured out pure cacophony and the pandemonium spilled over into wave lengths up and down the spectrum.

Television pictures dissolved before the clear tones of Vivaldi (creating considerable glee in some iconoclasts), X ray machines began giving photographs of musical scores, favoring, for some unknown reason, the G clef, and a man in Whittier, California, shaved off an eyebrow when the drumroll from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony came out of his electric razor.

People began to hear the clamor directly, without radio equipment of any kind, though scientists proved conclusively that this was impossible. Then the U.S. got word that Russia was planning to orbit a pipe organ. "So it's power they want, eh?" muttered the Musical Director of the U.S. space program, and a steam calliope hissed into orbit and shattered radio tubes around the world with an awesome version of "Camptown Races."

After that the scientists weren't so sure.

Rockets still thundered skyward. Swelling the din came cymbals crashing, tambourines rattling, castanets cracking, bass viol snoring, zither zith-

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ering, triangle tinging, contra-bassoon mooing, cornet blasting, musical comb burring—and a great bronze gong!

That did it. From far out in space near the star Alpha Centaurus a tiny sliver of light appeared and grew larger at an astonishing rate. Astronomers over the world watched in disbelief as the light grew and developed and could soon be seen with the naked eye, and still it grew. The speed at which this light approached was impossible, its size was impossible, its very existence was impossible, but there it was. And the shape! It was a kind of elongated Y with the upper prongs parallel. What in the universe could it be?

A retired schoolmaster sent a letter to *The Times* of London and solved the question. The object, he wrote, is obviously a tuning fork.

So it was, an incredible tuning fork stretching through millions of miles of space. Scientists held their breath. Why the gravitational pull of such an immense object had not disrupted the entire solar system they could not conceive. But if it were ever struck. . .

The world quailed. Professor Himmelhoch's virtuosi, powered by solar batteries, played louder than ever. Frantically, the world's outstanding composers were hustled together to write a score which might, somehow, harmonize the myriad instruments.

They looked at one another and sweated. They were scared and they could see in each other's eyes that no one thought the problem had an answer. Make sense out of all that racket overhead?

At that moment a cablegram was delivered to the conference. It was from Professor Himmelhoch and said: Ask them not to play so loud. The musicians grinned, each wrote *pianissimo* on a blank score and gave it to his government. At the launching site of each instrument a signal was sent into space and a rheostat in the orbiting virtuoso obligingly turned down the volume, the racket diminished, grew soft, and stopped. Everybody had been playing *fortissimo*.

In the beautiful quiet another satellite was launched by a little country which had got lost in the musical stampede. Jittery, cursing the Johnny-come-lately and looking over their shoulders at the thing which still loomed in the sky, scientists at the tracking stations started doing their jobs. They gasped. The sound that came through their speakers, tremulous, a little shaky, was purely human. A man was up there. He was whistling.

Noiselessly, the unimaginable tuning fork shifted and began receding back toward the stars and the only thing to be heard was the frail, jaunty whistling in space.

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N. Y. TIMES Dec. 19 FRONT PAGE REVIEW

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THE OTHER SIDE

Stereo Tape and Disc

LONDON

DECCA'S RECENT conversion to the commercial possibilities of pre-recorded four-track stereo tapes—as expressed in the contract signed by Mr. Haddy in the U.S. with United Stereo Tapes—has caused something of a stir over here (where the group's abiding faith in the future of discs had often been proclaimed). It has sparked considerable speculation as to the significance in terms of the home market of this latest transatlantic alliance. For the present, however, there is no sign that Decca intends to launch four-track stereo tapes in this country where, in any case, suitable machines have just begun to arrive from the Continent and are still proving somewhat unreliable.

The new February issues include the stereo version of the familiar Della Casa / Gueden / London / Solti performance of "Arabella"—a fine set, if not as vividly produced for binaural listening as the same company's "Rheingold," "Grimes," "Bohème," or "Aïda." New Backhaus versions of the first two Beethoven Concertos show that the veteran pianist has lost none of his prowess, but here again the recording sounds a shade lackluster when compared with, for example, last month's Curzon performances of the Grieg Concerto, Franck's Symphonic Variations, and Litolff's "lollipop" Scherzo.

Most welcome, on the other hand, is the suave performance by the Vienna Octet-minus-One of Beethoven's eternally fresh Septet, for stereo discs of chamber music are still regrettably rare (I am still waiting, after eighteen months of twin-channel issues, to extend hospitality to a string quartet!) and the sound here offered is sheer delight. In the case of solo piano the gain is rather less obvious. But when one compares the mono and stereo versions of Peter Katin's Liszt recital—consisting of two Polonaises, six "Consolations," and the so-called Dante Sonata—one is conscious with stereo that the instrument is surrounded by pleasing acoustics, whereas the mono image does not take the ear beyond the keyboard.

Other new issues (EMI) include three discs of organ music by Bach—seven Preludes and Fugues, the great C minor Passacaglia and Fugue, the "Dorian" Toccata and Fugue in D minor, the F major Pastorale, and six Chorale-Preludes — recorded on the beautiful Schnitger organ at Alkmaar, Holland, by Fernando Germani; Rosalyn Tureck's "An Introduction to Bach," an exquisite disc containing two Suites, an assortment of delightful short pieces (mostly from the Anna Magdalena Büchlein), and the lovely Aria and Ten Variations in the Italian Style, intended as a companion to Miss Tureck's three-volume "Progressive Anthology of Bach's Keyboard Music," published by Oxford University Press; a powerful performance of Brahms's B flat Concerto by Richter-Haaser and the Berlin Philharmonic under von Karajan, and a collection of Verdi Overtures in stylish performances by the Philharmonia and Royal Philharmonic Orchestras conducted by Serafin.

Musical art of a very different kind is offered for our delight by Oiseau-Lyre, whose new Handel issues are most welcome even if they missed the

bicentenary of the composer's death by a month or two. "Acis and Galatea" contains much lovely music in addition to such famous numbers as "O Ruddier than the Cherry," and "As When the Dove," "Love in Her Eyes Sits Playing" and "Love Sounds th' Alarm," and Boult directs a beautifully stylish performance in which Joan Sutherland gives further proof of her remarkable accomplishments. None of the male singers involved can negotiate Handel's vocal line with comparable ease, but Peter Pears's profound musicality makes his Acis most affecting, while Owen Brannigan offers a bluff, North-of-England Polyphemus, praising Galatea's charms to the preposterous obbligato of a sopranino recorder. (An alternative version of the aria, with treble recorder, is included on these discs by way of appendix.) The choruses are in the safe hands of the St. Anthony Singers, and the Philomusica is here very much in its element, with Thurston Dart's resourceful and imaginative continuo playing providing a constant source of additional pleasure. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Rubinstein

Continued from page 43

velous combination of sounds for the piano. And they sound better now than they did in his time because the instruments have been improved so much. It is amazing that in spite of the instrument he wrote for, his music anticipates so much of what later became possible. Don't forget that he was, after all, a great pianist, the best of his time, certainly, for his own music. Liszt, Moscheles, and others said so.

"Later in life it was different, which has led to a legend of 'effeminacy' in the playing of Chopin. This related to his weakened state of health and his lack of pianistic power. He had to make *his* dynamic effects all on the lower end of the scale, between *mezzo piano* and *pppp*, but he admired, most, the power in the playing that *others* brought to his music. He regarded Liszt, who was a thunderer, as the best performer of his études, and he kissed the hand of his German disciple, to whom the third scherzo is dedicated—what was his name? Oh yes, Gutmann—for his performance of the scherzo, and Gutmann was a Titan, a man who smashed pianos, and usually ended a recital with two or three strings broken.

"The mixture of elements in Chopin is a fascinating one. For us Poles he is a great national symbol, but don't forget that his father was French, became a captain in the Polish National Guard, and earned a living as a French tutor in noble households. Chopin was Polish in his fierce patriotism, his feeling for the folklore of the people, the mazurkas, polonaises, ballades, etc. But there was Frenchness in his aristocracy, his meticulous manners, the way he dressed and carried himself, the workmanship on which he prided himself.

"Of all the great composers who reflected national spirit, Chopin took the least, actually, from the folk music itself. Not like Liszt and the Hungarian rhapsodies, or Brahms and the Hungarian dances, or Tchaikovsky, who was always lifting folk tunes, or Falla, whose almost every theme is derived. In all his music that I know, Chopin used a folk melody only once—in the chorale of the B minor Scherzo, which is a carol about "Jezuniu" sung at Christmas time. If you know the words,* you will never make the mistake of dropping the one note in the middle as some pianists do; you must play it so, the three, equally articulated.

"Piano writing was never the same after Chopin as before. He gave it en-

*They may be found in the Opienski collection of the Letters (Alfred A. Knopf) on page 264: "Lu-laj-ze Je-zu-niu, lu-laj-ze lu-laz" ("Lully, baby Jesus, lullaby lully.")

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119	DEBUSSY: Afternoon of a Faun; FAURE: Masques and Bergamasques; FRANCK: Psyche—Martin and Goehr cond.	3.98	1.98
1130	LALO: Symphonie Espagnole—Odnoposoff, Violin; Goehr cond. / RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Capriccio Espagnol	3.98	1.98
112	KHATCHATURIAN: Gayne Ballet Music; RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Introduction and March from Le Coq d'Or; BORODIN: Polovetsian Dances from Prince Igor	3.98	1.98
1190	VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Fantasia on the "Old 104th" Psalm Tune; Three Sea Chantys / PALMER: Chamber Concerto No. 1; Slow, Slow Fresh Fount—Soloists; Rochester Chamber Orch.	3.98	1.98
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14014	GILELS Plays BEETHOVEN: Concerto No. 5 "Emperor" / 32 Variations	3.98	1.98
14019	VIVALDI: Concerto Grosso, Op. 3, No. 8—David & Igor Oistrakh; Violin Concerto, Op. 12, No. 1—Kogan, Violin / TARTINI: Devil's Trill Sonata—David Oistrakh; Trio Sonata for 2 Violins and Cembalo—David & Igor Oistrakh, Violins; Yampolsky, Cembalo	3.98	1.98
14022	PAGANINI: Violin Concerto No. 1 / Introduction and Variations on a Theme by Rossini "I Palpiti"—Kogan, Violin	3.98	1.98
151	SCHUBERT: Duo Sonata for Piano and Violin / FRANCK: Sonata for Violin and Piano—David Oistrakh and Lev Oborin	3.98	1.98
153	BEETHOVEN Sonata No. 9 "Kreutzer"; LECLAIR: Sonata in D, Op. 9, No. 3; VLADIGEROV: Fantasy on a Bulgarian Dance Theme "Khora"— David Oistrakh, Violin; Oborin and Yampolsky, Pianos	3.98	1.98
178	SAINT-SAENS: Piano Concerto No. 2 / GLAZOUNOV: Piano Sonata in E Minor—Gilels, Piano	3.98	1.98
251	CHOPIN: Trio in G Minor, Op. 8; GLAZOUNOV: Oberek; WIENIAWSKI: Legende, etc.—Oistrakh, Violin, et al	3.98	1.98
255	BEETHOVEN: Choral Fantasy, Op. 80—Richter, Piano; Sonata No. 8 "Pathetique"—Grinberg, Piano; Trio No. 9—Gilels, Piano; Kogan, Violin; Rostropovitch, Cello	3.98	1.98
256	CHOPIN: Sonata No. 2; Polonaise in A Flat Major; Ballade No. 1; Herold Variations—Gilels and Nicolaiev, Pianos	3.98	1.98
10081/2	TCHAIKOVSKY: Sleeping Beauty (Complete Ballet)—Bolshoi Theatre (2-12" LPs)	7.96	3.96
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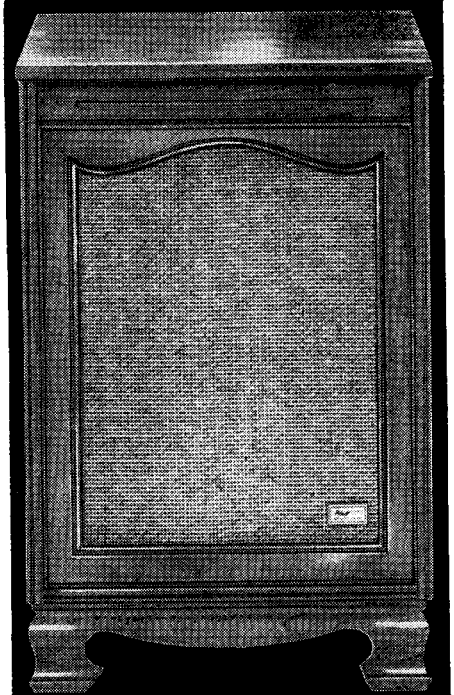

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tirely new dimensions, potentialities, resources. Why is it, I have often thought since I was quite young and first got to know Chopin, that you can hear Beethoven beautifully played by Backhaus, or Bach by a chap like Busoni, or the marvelous Debussy of Gieseking, or Schumann out of this world by Serkin or Casadesus, but when it comes to Chopin, the magic isn't there, at least for me? And I don't consider myself a Chopinze. Is it something in the affinity of the player for the composer and how he used the instrument? To me, playing Chopin is as comfortable for the fingers as sitting in a chair is for the body.

"Debussy, I would say, derived more from the study of Chopin than any other composer did. He has much of the same exquisite sense of sound, of perfection in detail, of the hazy, magical quality a piano can produce. And he must have loved Chopin dearly, to take three years out of his busy composer's life to edit the edition of the *complete* works for Durand. But with all the colors and the sonorities, there is not the substance, for me at least. It's a kind of delightful *salade,* but not much meat in it.

"At the same time, if you ask me frankly, I don't think I really would have loved Chopin, as a personality, as I would have Schubert. I think sometimes we would have had disagreements, that I would have gone away from his house angry, and resolved never to talk to that fellow again. With Schubert, it would have been like the love I felt for my little son. His music is my daily bread. I play his sonatas all the time, because they are so full of *music* and sympathetic feeling. But it doesn't go as well in the concert hall (too long, or repetitious) so rather than have people receive it with patronizing indulgence—'Delightful, but too long'—I would rather not play it in public at all. There is so much of Chopin, after all.

"And now if you will pardon me I must dress for my recital this afternoon in Newark . . . like a debut. After all these years, I still feel an uncertainty, because in my profession it is only what you do today that counts; yesterday is gone. Often I think of a story I learned in Germany as a boy in Berlin, studying Latin. It was about a great athlete who went to compete in Rhodense (Rhodes, you know), where he jumped higher than he ever jumped before. When he returned to Rome, he expected a great triumph to greet him, with a procession to the Forum and so forth. When nothing happened, he expressed surprise, to which one old Senator replied: "Hic Rhodas. Hic salta"—meaning "Here is (your) Rhodes. *Here* jump."

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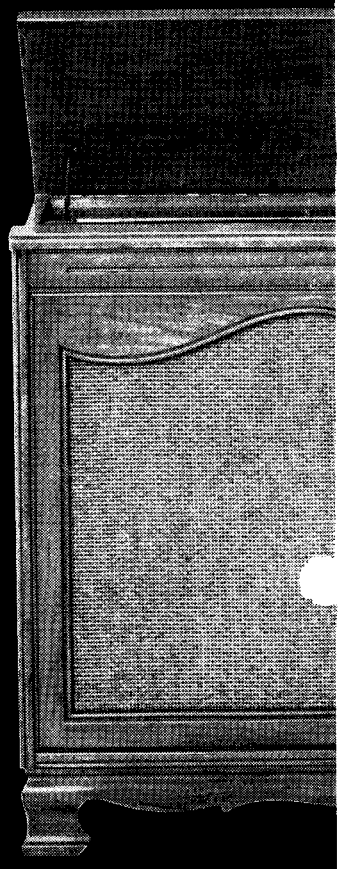

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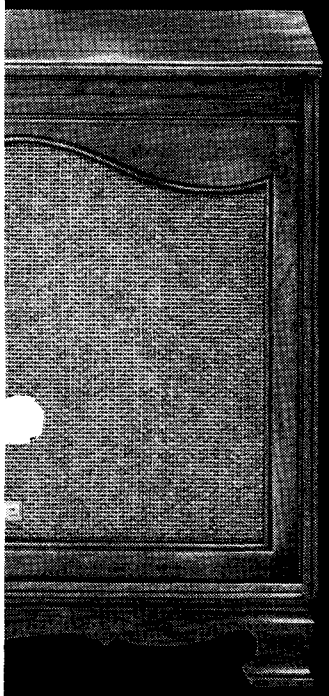

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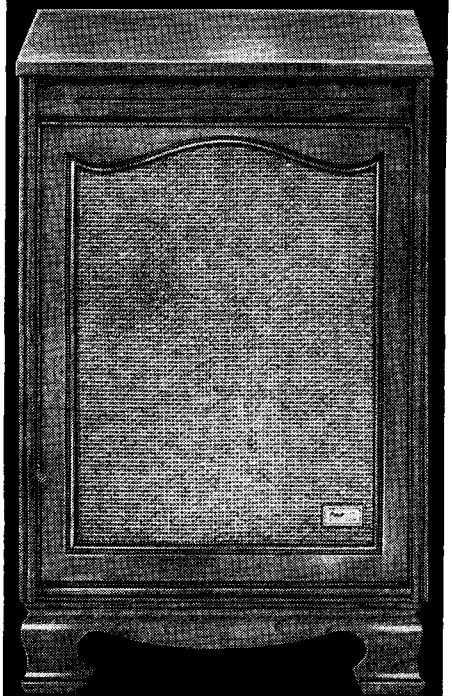
OF SOUND

Discography

Continued from page 45

Title	Artist	Versions Examined
Op. 62, No. 2	*Novaës: Vox 9632* *Rubinstein: Victor 14971—78*	9
Polonaises:		
Op. 26, No. 2	*Hofmann (unreleased)* *Ginsburg: USSR 12876* *Rubinstein: Victor 14291—78*	5
Op. 44	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 1205* *Nikolayeva: USSR*	6
Op. 53	*Gilels: Colos. 256* *Horowitz: Victor 11-9065—78* *Lhevinne: Victor 1765—78*	33
No. 14 in C sharp	*Boukoff: West. 18779 (the only recorded version of this piece)*	1
Preludes:		
Op. 28, No. 2	*Cortot: HMV DB 2015—78* *Lympany: Cap. G 7145*	10
No. 3	*Chasins: Master Class 0001—78* *Oborin: USSR*	15
No. 4	*Kraus: Parl. R 20451—78* *Lympany: Cap. G 7145*	14
No. 5	*Moiseiwitsch: HMV C 7773—78* *de Groot: Epic LC 3017*	11
No. 6	*Novaës: Vox PL 10940* *Arrau: Col. ML 4420*	13
No. 7	*Rosenthal: HMV DB 2772—78* *Arrau: Col. ML 4420*	14
No. 9	*Lympany: Cap. G 7145* *de Groot: Epic LC 3017*	10
No. 10	*Gulda: Decca LXT 2837* *Arrau: Col. ML 4420*	11
No. 11	*Cortot: HMV 2016—78* *Rubinstein: RCA LM 1163* *Bakst: West. 1881*	11
No. 13	*Sofronitzky: USSR 00995—78 with microgrooves*	12
No. 14	*Sofronitzky: USSR 00995—78 with microgrooves* *Rubinstein: RCA LM 1163*	12
No. 15	*Ellegard: Polyphone HM 80052—78* *Moiseiwitsch: HMV GC 3905/8—78*	17
No. 16	*Lhevinne: Victor 14024—78* *Moiseiwitsch: HMV GC 3905/8—78* *Keene: Mercury MC 10113*	16
No. 17	*Novaës: Vox PL 10940* *Rubinstein: RCA LM 1163*	14
No. 18	*Sofronitzky: USSR 00990-9—78 with microgrooves* *Bakst: West. 18881*	12
No. 20	*Moiseiwitsch: HMV GC 3905-8—78* *Brailowsky: RCA LM 1150*	15
No. 23	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 1163* *Gieseking: Col. 17079-D—78*	19
No. 24	*Arrau: Col. ML 4420* *Novaës: Vox PL 10940* *Rubinstein: RCA LM 1163*	13
Op. 45	*Harasiewicz: Pathé DTX 171-5* *Benhalmi: Vox 10370*	3
Scherzos:		
No. 1	*Horowitz: RCA LM 1707 (Presto con fuoco especially)* *Rubinstein: RCA LM 2368 (Molto più lento especially)*	15
No. 2	*Bolet: Rem. 161* *Rubinstein: Victor M 189—78 (which is not so accurate as exciting, the opposite of the recent LM 2368)*	17
No. 3	*Tamarkina: USSR D 00191* *Bolet: Rem. 161* *Arrau: Parl. 2044* *Rubinstein: RCA LM 2368*	31
No. 4	*Davidovitsch: Muza 387—78* *Ashkenazy: Angel 35403 (also superb versions by Horowitz and the recent one by Rubinstein)*	14
Sonata in B flat minor	*Gilels: Angel 35308* *Casadesus: Col. ML 4798* *Rachmaninoff: Victor M 95—78* *(Finale also remarkably well performed by Katchen and Janis)*	23
Sonata in B minor	*Hofmann (First mov't; unreleased)* *Lipatti: Col. M 4721* *Ashkenazy: Angel 35648* *Kapell: RCA LM 1715*	16



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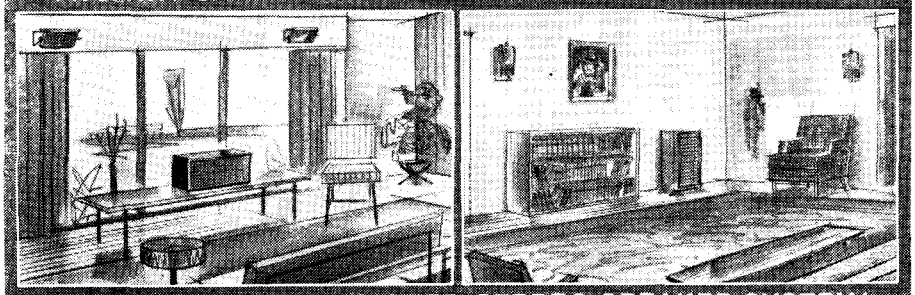

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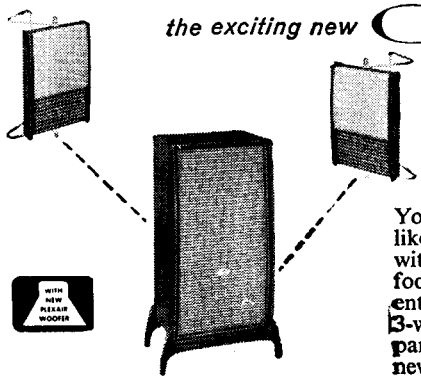

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Title	Artist	Versions Examined
Tarantella	*Papierno: Pathé DTX 171-5*	6
	Cortot: Victor 8251—78	
Waltzes:		
Op. 18	*Rachmaninoff: Victrola 74679—78**	19
Op. 34, No. 1	*Hofmann: Col. 6045—78**	19
	Lipatti: Col. ML 4522	
Op. 34, No. 2	*Lipatti: Col. ML 4522*	15
	Bukowska: West. 14071	
Op. 34, No. 3	*Zak: USSR 20437*	11
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 1892	
Op. 42	*Hofmann (unreleased HMV and RCA)*	26
	Lipatti: Col. ML 4522	
Op. 64, No. 1	*Rachmaninoff: Victrola 815—78*	33
	Hofmann: (from unreleased broadcast)	
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 1892	
Op. 64, No. 2	*Hofmann: Brunswick 15057—78**	32
	Kentner: Col. DX 997—78	
	Bukowska: West. 14071	
Op. 64, No. 3	*Rachmaninoff: Victor 1245—78*	14
	Novaës: Vox 8170	
Op. 69, No. 1	*Bukowska: West. 14071*	11
	Lipatti: Col. ML 4522	
Op. 69, No. 2	*Novaës: Vox 8170*	10
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 1892	
Op. 70, No. 1	*Cortot (despite wrong notes) Ang. COLH 32*	15
	Rubinstein: RCA LM 1892	
Op. 70, No. 2	*Rubinstein: RCA LM 1892*	10
	Lipatti: Col. ML 4522	
Op. 70, No. 3	*Pennario: Cap. P 8172*	10
	Lipatti: Col. ML 4522	
	Lympany: Cap. G 7169	
No. 14 in E minor	*Hofmann: Col. A 5443—78**	18
	Solomon: HMV C-3509—78	
	Lipatti: Col. ML 4522	

Music

Continued from page 28

in nearly a year of Van Cliburn as piano soloist in the Prokofiev No. 3.

Such, certainly, was the implication of the applause that greeted him. Nor did he disappoint. His strong technique was in muscle-flexing form, and in happy companionship with his Muscovite companion Kondrashin he blended fervor with fantasy and musicianship with meaning in a powerfully authoritative playing. Otherwise of interest was the Shostakovitch "Festive" overture and two excerpts from Kara Karaev's ballet "Seven Beauties," which were given impressive vigor in Kondrashin's purposeful leadership.

Marc Bliztstein's morality play of the Thirties had its first New York production with scenery as the brief season of City Center opera opened with "The Cradle Will Rock." Considering the current balance of power in the management-labor equation, the glorification of Larry Foreman has the period flavor of a plea for woman suffrage, but there are darts and shafts, tunes and turns of phrase that testify to Bliztstein's agile mind and musical assimilation. David Hays's fresh-from-the-mill-red "girders," which framed the action, were an imaginative response to the "Steeltown" locale, and the cast headed by Tammy Grimes (Moll) and David Atkinson (Larry Foreman) vice Howard da Silva, who directed, was equally responsive to Lehman Engel's excellent musical leadership. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Amen Corner

The Melody Lingers On

"I'M WORRIED that sometimes what I'm doing sounds like just academic exercises," and I'm trying more and more to make it sound prettier." This unpretentious statement comes from a very subtle musician, John Coltrane, who stands with Sonny Rollins and Ornette Coleman in the vanguard of modern jazz tenor saxophone players. Coltrane's observation may distress many of his followers, who are rendered nervous by terms like "pretty" or "charming" or "lovely," and who admire his music for qualities which might seem to be resolutely unpretty: his hard strong tone; his wonderfully prolific and seething inventions, a rush of chromatic subtleties; his rhythmic vigor and abandon. But even the most athletic members of Coltrane's claque will perhaps realize, after a few minutes' reflection, that his use of the featherweight word "prettier" reflects the fact that he, too, is concerned with music's lyrical element. And they will hear his concern in many passages of his newest LP, "Giant Steps" (Atlantic 1311), where he plays seven of his own compositions, variously backed by Tommy Flanagan or Wynton Kelly, piano; Art Taylor or Jimmy Cobb, drums; and Paul Chambers, bass. On the basis of this disc, I would say that Coltrane is continuing to grow in all the directions of his fervent art.

Orthodox ears should be warned, however, that John Coltrane's conception of the "pretty" will probably prove quite at variance with theirs, that one man's "melody" ("a musically pleasing succession of notes"—Robert Illing) may be a good deal more recherché than another man's "tune" ("a melody of simple obvious design"—*idem*). Coltrane remains an intricate man while becoming what I am only too delighted to call a more melodious one.

As I have previously noted in this column, there would seem to be something of a lyrical revival throughout the modern jazz field. Two new piano albums are cases in point. One of the most professionally respected of the younger players is Bill Evans, and his "New Jazz Conceptions" (Riverside RLP 12-223) reveals not only single-finger invention but elegant chordal work of a positively romantic character. Furthermore his themes—perfectly clearly stated before he embroiders on them—include such fragrant standards as "Speak Low" and "My Romance." They are balanced by be-bop adaptations like "Conception" and "Our Delight," and by Evans's own rhythmically piquant "Five." The modern piano

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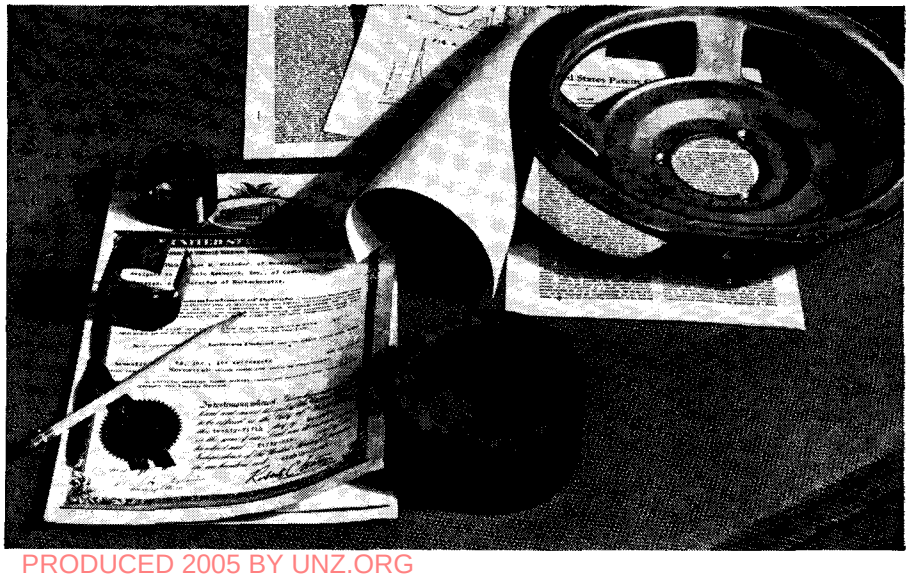

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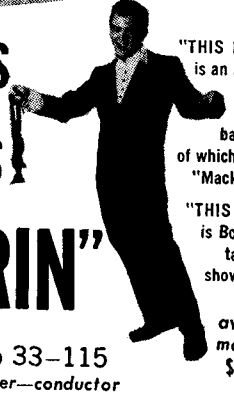

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pioneer Thelonious Monk is heard in another unaccompanied session on "Thelonious Alone in San Francisco" (Riverside RLP 12-312). He offers a batch of his originals and ballads, including Irving Berlin's classic "Remember." These purely solo programs of Monk's seem to me very choice. The atmosphere is utterly informal, relaxed, early morning (one can almost see the lazy blue cigarette smoke); the tempi are usually from slow to moderate; the music varies between daring dissonantal chord developments and easy-riding classic accents of the barrel-house; sometimes Thelonious seems to know exactly what he is doing, and sometimes he seems to be precariously—but how skilfully!—feeling his way. He is a rhythmic original; he is also a thoroughly lyrical musician.

Several men turn up on two of the three LPs in the small band category. Since I wish to give the important personnel, I cannot avoid some complexity. This shuffling around of the same players correctly suggests that the bands are similar in character: it is the warmly versatile jazz expression which has come out of the harmonic and rhythmic explorations of be-bop and the blues orientation of hard-bop. It has largely jettisoned the mannerisms of both, keeping the sophistication of the former and the spirit of the latter. It uses a wide variety of themes—blues, ballads, originals—with scored ensembles and improvised solos against scored or improvised accompaniment. The small-band virtues abound—lightness, the sense of individuality and informality even in subtly scored ensembles:

"Blue Soul" (Riverside 12-309) has Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Jimmy Heath, tenor sax; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums.

"The Thumper" (Riverside 12-314) offers Heath; Fuller; Kelly; Nat Adderley, cornet; Paul Chambers, bass; and Albert Heath, drums.

"Show Case" (Riverside 12-313) presents Philly Joe Jones; Mitchell; Julian Priester, trombone; Bill Barron, tenor sax; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Charles Coker or Sonny Clark, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass.

I would call attention to Blue Mitchell's sensitive, ardent trumpet, his best recording to date. "Blue Soul" includes a singularly lovely treatment of Horace Silver's "Nica's Dream," arranged by Benny Golson. "The Thumper" places Jimmy Heath securely among the tenor sax leaders—he is a ripe and controlled artist. In "Show Case" the masterly Jones gives a diversified drumming seminar and also contributes a gracious ballad at the piano. But in all cases, all hands are in form. —Wilder Hobson.

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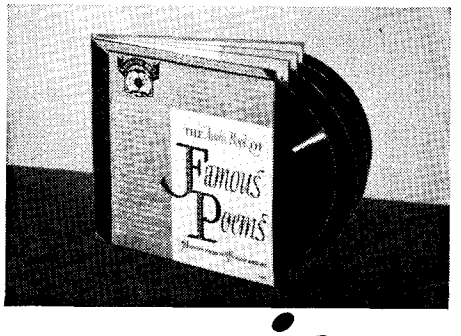

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

SOME MORE SIBLINGS

Wilder Hobson's delightfully discursive "Salute to the Siblings" [*SR*, Jan. 30], while saluting the household names approved by today's jazz literati, nevertheless overlooked the more remarkable cases of consanguineous jazz. The incidence of two famous jazz musicians in any one family is a phenomenon of some degree, to be sure. But what of homes boasting four or five? How about the populous Brunies family, with George and Henry on trombones, Merrit on alto horn, and Abbie on bass fiddle? George's work with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings assures his place in history; while long before this, his brother Henry was billed in New Orleans as "The World's Greatest Jazz Trombonist."

Then there was the great Shields clan, originally from County Cork, Ireland: Larry played clarinet in the historic Original Dixieland Jazz Band; Eddie was pianist with "Yellow" Nunez in 1916 before Nunez formed the Louisiana Five; Larry's half-brother, Jim Ruth, was one of the most popular guitarists in New Orleans twenty years before Eddie Condon; and his kid brother Harry is today blowing a powerful hard-reed clarinet with Sharkey Bonano's dixieland outfit, the only real jazz band left on Bourbon Street.

H. O. Brunn, Official Historian,
Original Dixieland Jazz Band.
Snyder, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *Why neglect the Goodmans? Benny, Harry, Irving, etc.*

STRAVINSKY AND RAVEL

In re "Indelible Mercury" [*SR*, Jan. 30], reviewer Victor Seroff, too, has added another bit of evidence to Igor Stravinsky's fallible memory when in "Maurice Ravel—A Biography" he devotes a chapter to Stravinsky's and Ravel's close friendship and their mutual influences, only to conclude: "Today Igor Stravinsky says he did not know Maurice Ravel very well."

Jack A. Bryce.
Montpelier, O.

VOTE FOR PUT-PUTS

In the January 16 issue is an article by Diana M. Bartley entitled "The Sound of Speed." You left out motorcycles. On the whole the article is well done and I enjoyed it, but I looked all the way to the last line for something about motorcycles. Now this is the second time this has happened. Last year there was a similar article, without motorcycles, and I was tempted to write then but I felt that this was only a temporary error and that the next time all would be well.

There are two extraordinary records available of the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy Races, one for 1958, and one for 1959. Really great. They are made by Stanley Schofield Productions, Limited, 678 Old Bond Street, London, S.W., 1. They are also available in this country. I don't have

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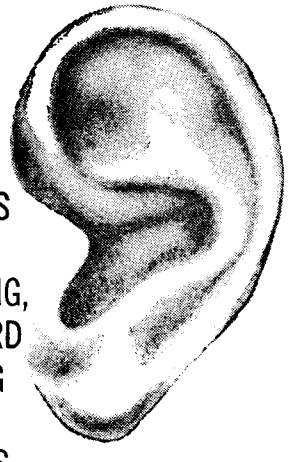

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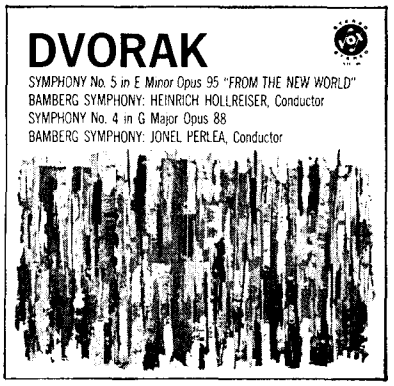
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ROBERTA NORBURY.

South Laguna, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The broadcasts, of course, have been shifted to Saturday evening—or don't you get them?*

"FOGY" UNFORGOTTEN

"OLD FOGY" [*SR*, Jan. 30] is still a grand book. I had thought that most musicians had long since forgotten this delightful opus. Certainly, most men writing about music these days haven't read any Huneker.

Thanks for your column—and for the whole music section of *SR*.

ROBERT TRIEST.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Old Fogy" thanks you too.*

CONTRA CAGE

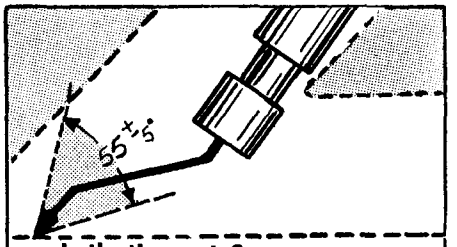
RE YOUR January 30 issue—Who is Robert Breuer? He appears to take Arnold Schoenberg quite seriously. Or am I mistaken? Is it possible that, at this late date, there are *sane* people taking seriously these dodecacophonists — these dizzy, mentally deranged, wrong-note Charlies? And *who* cares what John Cage is concocting now, or ever? The man is either "color-blind" in both ears or he suffers from arrested development.

Why bother with this tripe? Why not pay more attention to honest, real artists? There is plenty of trouble in this world—why look for more?

JAMES B. GUIMES.

Long Island City, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One man's trouble is another man's inspiration.*



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Reg. U.S. Patent Office

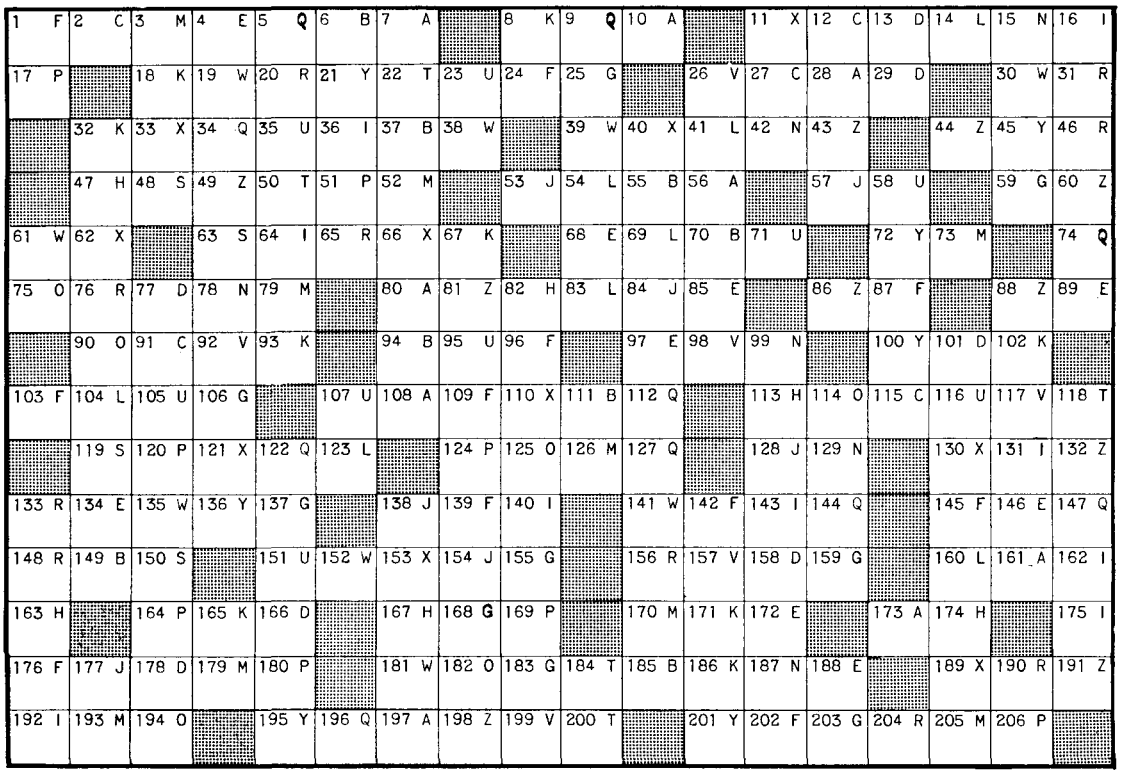
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to important organs of the body which secrete valuable substances.	7 80 161 173 197 108 10 28 56
B. Czerny wrote a whole "School" of studies for this, Op. 399 (2 wds.).	149 37 70 185 94 55 6 111
C. If the ancient traveler landed on this island, he might have been turned into a pig (now Monte Circello).	91 27 12 115 2
D. Message of the label on the bottle which started off Alice's adventures in Wonderland (2 wds.).	178 29 13 101 158 166 77
E. People in the early period of life (2 wds.).	85 97 146 188 68 134 89 4 172
F. Attainments in science or literature; a foundation to support a student.	87 1 202 103 24 176 96 145 139 142 109
G. Fabled country of Arthurian legend, supposed to have been off Cornwall.	59 106 203 183 168 155 25 137 159
H. New Hampshire town in White Mts., both a summer and a winter resort.	113 174 82 47 167 163
I. Where to find Johnny, ready and prepared, colloquially (3 wds.).	140 16 192 36 64 162 175 131 143
J. Give alarm without occasion (2 wds.).	154 177 57 138 128 84 53
K. Intoxicating quality.	18 186 8 102 165 32 93 67 171
L. Opposite number in the Old World to the American caribou.	41 54 69 104 14 160 83 123

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Bad diction.	170 205 193 126 73 3 179 52 79
N. One object which can inspire aichmophobia.	129 99 15 42 78 187
O. Important town not far from Mandalay, starting point of the Burma Road.	114 125 194 90 182 75
P. Maugham's story published bet. the plays "Constant Wife" and "Sacred Flame".	164 17 124 206 180 169 120 51
Q. Undress.	127 34 112 144 196 147 5 9 74 122
R. One of the moods of English verbs.	204 156 20 31 46 65 148 190 76 133
S. Mother of Ares, in late mythology.	150 119 63 48
T. One of the fine lines of a letter.	200 184 118 50 22
U. The brocaded fabric known in Japan as Yuzen birodo (2 wds.).	107 23 71 116 58 105 151 95 35
V. This lies about us in our infancy.	26 199 157 92 117 98
W. What even the meekest of us would like to enforce occasionally (3 wds.).	19 135 38 152 141 181 39 61 30
X. Exhaust the fertility of.	153 11 62 40 121 33 66 110 189 130
Y. Compare critically.	201 45 136 195 100 72 21
Z. A setting forth for purposes of explanation or display.	60 191 132 49 43 198 88 86 81 44

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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How I Turned $1,000 into a Million

--starting in my spare time

AN AMAZING STORY THAT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE

by William Nickerson

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From "Scratch" to $500,000 by 42

Starting with only the $1000 cash equity in my home, I pyramided this modest asset into $500,000 by the time I was 42 — all in my spare time. I retired at 42 to concentrate on my investments — with considerable time for gardening, swimming in our backyard pool, hunting, fishing, and traveling.

Many friends turned to me for advice on how they could follow me up the road to fortune. Finally I decided to write a unique guidebook, in which I would share my money-making secrets.

But editors who read my first manuscript told me: "Ah, but your success depended on starting during the depression. It could never happen again!"

Another $500,000 in Only 2 Years

This led me to study *other* men's money-making experiences, and *current*, non-depression-period opportunities. Although I had not intended to increase my holdings, I found so many opportunities that *in 2 years I doubled my estate to over $1,000,000.*

Now my book, HOW I TURNED $1000 INTO A MILLION, is ready at last. And in it I reveal — and tell how to use — these 4 basic principles of traveling the last remaining road to great fortune still open to the average person:

1. How to harness the secret force of free enterprise — the pyramiding power of borrowed money. If you have ever experienced difficulty in arranging a personal loan (or a commercial loan to go into business) you may have the idea that banks won't lend money to the "little fellow" for the purpose of making money. But I will show you how you can get lenders to put up gladly at least three dollars for every one of yours, thereby quadrupling the earning power of your capital.

2. How to choose income-producing multiple dwellings in which to invest your own (and your borrowed) capital. If you are interested in investing in income-producing property for income alone, then you will probably get along all right without any advice from me, although even there I can give you many tips. But if you are out to *pyramid* your capital, there is a definite set of conditions to look for.

3. How to make your equity grow. A fair market value of an income-producing property is in ratio to its income. Therefore, if you increase the annual net by means of the steps I outline, you increase the market value of the property — thereby increasing your equity.

4. How to virtually eliminate the "tax bite" on your capital growth. I will show you how you can increase your net worth steadily *without* its being subject to income taxes — not even capital gains tax! J. K. Lasser's famous guide, YOUR INCOME TAX, says of this method that "the mathematics have almost unparalleled attraction."

If you have about $2500 right now — or if you can save only $50 a month for the next four years — you can start out soundly along the road to a million dollars. To enhance your progress you will need an additional personal investment of $50 a month, or $600 a year, for two more years after that, making a total investment from your personal savings of $3600. But then you will start receiving income from your investment. *In addition,* if you follow my instructions carefully, your capital can grow at the following startling rate:

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In 4 years, you have $11,575.
In 6 years, $21,681.
In 8 years, $39,363.
In 10 years, $70,548.
In 12 years, $124,884.
In 14 years, $219,972.
In 16 years, $386,376.
In 18 years, $677,583.
In 20 years, $1,187,195.

How far you want to go up this ladder depends on how much retirement income you would like. You can *conservatively* expect to earn an average net return of 6% on your personal equity. So, if you would be satisfied with a retirement income of at least $12,000 a year, you might decide to stop when your equity reaches $200,000.

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

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Of course there's a catch to it! There are hundreds of "catches" — hundreds of pitfalls and traps for the unwary who have never traveled what I call the "realty road to riches." But I made it, by learning as I went along. And you have a priceless advantage which I never had — the advantage of being able to know beforehand everything I had to learn by trial-and-error.

My 497-page book is literally the product of a lifetime, into which I have poured every distilled ounce of practical knowledge I gained along the road to fortune. It answers all the questions on real estate operations that my friends have ever asked me. I lead you through one actual transaction after another, setting forth each step in detail.

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